

The Dragon

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Science Fiction Gaming

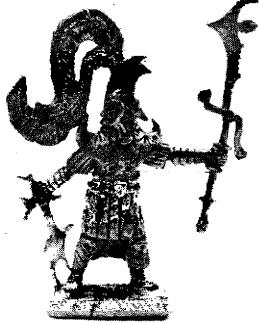


Special Empire of the Petal Throne Issue

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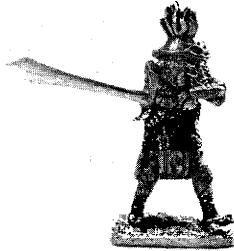
Tsolyani General T-1



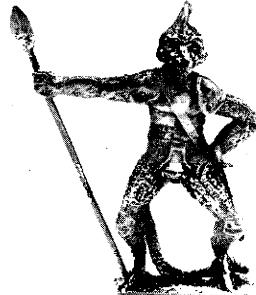
Ssu NH2



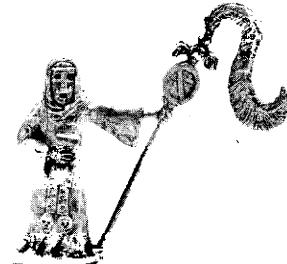
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When dealing with a game as special as EMPIRE OF THE PETAL THRONE, it is really difficult to choose a good place to begin, and even harder to limit the discussion to our normal 32 pages, and not neglect everything else this issue. Therefore, as you may have noticed, we felt that it was justifiable to add an extra four pages for this issue. Next time, we'll revert to the old size.

EPT is the culmination of a life time of working on what started out as a childhood invention. In the course of evaluating the world of Tekumel, certain comparisons are inescapable. For one thing, it is the ultimate in terms of a D&D campaign; the entire mechanism is D&D inspired, as the author notes in his introduction. By mechanism, I mean the mechanics of play: experience points, hit dice, combat resolution, magic system, etc.

Once EPT has been studied, another comparison is inevitable; between it and Tolkein's Middle Earth. Now I'm not comparing EPT to his novels, but rather to the mythos and world he created in them. An interesting note is that both authors are scholars of linguistics, and both created their own languages, alphabets, grammar and so on. Prof. Barker is, at this very moment, working on small handbooks, drawn from the complete rules developed for a couple of his languages. Right now, Tolkein's Elvish has acquired a cult-like following of linguists, and it is reasonable to assume that someday the same will be true of the EPT languages.

In terms of development of detail, I think EPT has it over Middle Earth in the matters that most concern gamers. This is attributable to the fact that EPT was developed by a wargamer, and M-E was not.

Both creations are intensely personal, in terms of devotion by the author and personal feelings of how things "ought to be."

Both mythos' are the end result of a lifetime of work. Prof. Barker has been working on Tekumel since the age of ten: I've seen his armies of hand-carved wooden figures. (Those days are now past for all of us, as there is now a line of EPT figures available, reviewed elsewhere in this issue.)

What EPT is is the most detailed fantasy game available; a genuine phenomenon. It is destined to become both a classic and a milestone in fantasy role-playing gaming, and deservedly so.

Editor

Editor — Timothy J. Kask

Staff Artist — Dave Sutherland

Cover by
Prof. M. A. R. Barker

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Reports Submitted to the Petal Throne

Introduction and Translation by M.A.R. Barker

In the final issue of "The Strategic Review" (Vol. II, no. 2) an article was published which provided news about doings on Tekumel, the world of the Petal Throne. This created enough interest on the part of referees and players to call for a second installment, and a number of referees have sent in reports of doings in their own campaigns with requests to include these in further submissions to the Imperium.

Before proceeding to honour these requests, however, there are some fundamental problems to be overcome. If these various campaigns are to be centralized and coordinated, then some means must be found to keep developments both consistent and under control. As an example, a very fine and well-written article appeared in the "Space Gamer," (no. 6, June-July, 1976) in which Robert L. Large Jr. began with the premise that our beloved Emperor is already dead, and he went on to describe the subsequent battle between the various heirs for the Petal Throne. In his version, the Emperor's single Aridani daughter, Princess Ma'in Krythai (the first word is her personal name, and the second is her Imperial throne name, the title by which she will be known after her accession; /krythai/ is really a childhood nickname, and it literally denotes "elegant" or "sensitivity beautiful") won the battle and is now Empress. At last report, however, the Glorious Sixth-First Seal Emperor, Hirake Tlakotani, is still alive and well in Avanthar, although a trifle slowed by his seventy years! We thus have an immediate and serious case of "parallel universe" development!

A central headquarters and clearing house for Petal Throne information could be set up, of course, but this does not solve all of the problems. For example, two referees might grant the same fief to different players; one referee might initiate an Empire-wide rebellion; another might begin the Yan Koryani invasion; and still another might just allow the dreaded Black Ssu to run every human off the planet!

Even at a relatively simple level, differences would arise. Some referees are more "gentle" than others and allow players to attain high levels quickly. This produces an instant surplus of Supreme High Priests, Glorious Generals of the Empire, and Great Counts of the Seal. Others (and this humble servant is amongst them) are more strict (some say "fiendish"), and in my own campaigns no player has yet risen beyond eighth level. This apparent severity (which creates no end of pouting and altercation) is based upon the philosophy that it is really a lot more fun to remain relatively small, while not completely powerless. High office brings great responsibility and limits freedom of action. It is much more enjoyable to be able to pack up and set out for far parts than to be tied down to one's paperwork in a temple or military headquarters. One theory which no historian has ever advanced — but which ought to be thought of in the light of our modern experience — might be that the Divine Alexander did not die of illness in 323 B.C., but rather of despair when he contemplated the mountains of paperwork which confronted him in running his vast empire!

Be all this as may be, the problems of running a centralized campaign information centre are severe, and the easiest solution would be to declare all campaigns as equally valid "parallel universes." It would then be interesting to publish reports on developments in several of these campaigns. It would be fascinating to compare various referees' and players' handling of the problems and issues described in the first sections of the Empire of the Petal Throne rulebook. This game really belongs to the referees and the players; it can be played at levels ranging from simple adventuring all the way up to involved socio-economic-military intrigues. Our learned Editor of "The Dragon" has kindly offered to publish reasonably literate accounts of doings in Petal Throne campaigns, perhaps as a regular feature, if enough material can be found, and this seems to be the best solution for now. If demand warrants it, it might be possible to publish a brief newsletter of some other centralized information sheet later, of course.

At the moment the main thrust is in the direction of providing more materials on the world of Tekumel. A novel is "in the works," although I am most definitely NOT another Tolkien or even a passable novel-writer of the "hack" variety. A grammar of Tsolyani is being produced, in response to many requests. With various colleagues, I am working on

miniatures rules, strategic level rules, and other game extensions. The best news of all is that by the time you read this, it is hoped that some initial Petal Throne 25 mm figures will be out, produced by "The Old Guard." The prototypes I have seen are among the best 25 mm figures I have EVER seen. These will be accompanied by a painting guide and orders of battle for all of the five major empires (and also some remarks on the organizations of the nonhumans). A supplement of further materials on history and culture is contemplated, and I would also be happy to reply to specific questions about aspects of Tekumel — perhaps in a question-and-answer column or some such format?

Enough for now on these topics. We can now turn to some of the more recent dispatches submitted to the Petal Throne. As was said in the "Strategic Review" article, dispatches from all over the Empire are gathered each month into another volume of the "Korunkoi hiGar-dasisayal Koluman hiTirikeludalidala" (The Book of Mighty Imperial Deeds of the Great and Glorious Petal Throne). Inscribed on leaves of gold, this record is maintained in the Hall of Blue Illumination in the Chancery at Avanthar, and persons of noble rank may see all but the most secret portions of it upon application to the Provost, Lord Chaymira hiSsanmirin. Naturally, not all items are of interest to those learning about Tsolyani, since the Book contains many types of information: tax records, priestly reports, trade and commerce analyses, and much local news — all neatly collated and indexed by the Chancery. What follows, thus, is a culling of topics from here and there. Much of this is from the public record, but Lord Chaymira has graciously allowed the publication of some items taken from the Secret Book submitted directly to the Emperor.

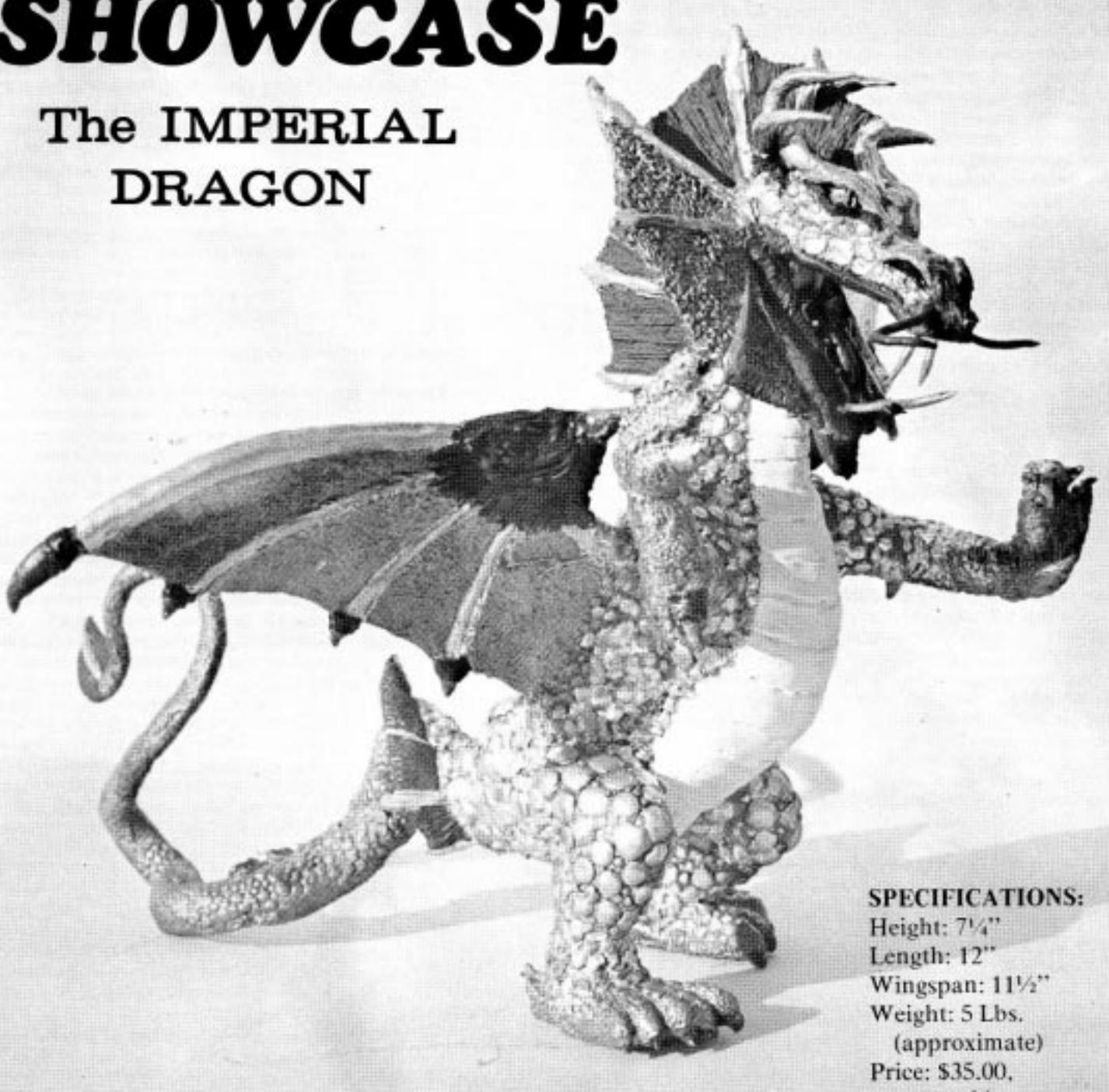
Each item begins with a complex formula of praise and respect for the Emperor which need not be repeated here. Readers with more delicate sensibilities will forgive this absence of proper protocol.

" . . . Know ye, O Sun Who Rises and Illumines the Lands, that the spread of the iniquitous drug Zu'ur has increased in spite of attempts to check it. The centre of this traffic is one Tsauhl, a Livyani courtesan of great beauty, who has gained access into many circles across the Empire and even into Imperial society in Bey Sy. Dressed always in black, with lips and nails also black-enamelled, and tattooed as are all Livyani of status, she is immediately recognizable; yet is now clear that she either has great powers of disguise or is herself some type of shape-changer, for she and her agents are reported first here and then there in many cities of the Imperium. A connection of this woman with the evil Hlyss is now proved: a ship of the Hlyss was intercepted at Dzuruna Bay near Ngeshu Head [hex 2805; Translator], and this contained many chests of Zu'ur, much gold, and some weapons of note. Three documents were also seized, and once their code was broken, they showed that the Hlyss obtain this drug from some ancient subterranean supply dump of the ancients. The Hlyss, for motives of their own, have somehow contracted with the Baron of Yan Kor to supply this mind-destroying narcotic to the Empire, and there is also evidence that the Mihalli, the ancient nonhuman race once thought extinct beneath the volcanic plains of northern Jannu [off the present map to the northeast; Translator], have joined in this plot. Guidance is earnestly prayed." [This is followed by the glyph denoting "act as follows," and an Imperial edict is appended which reads in part: "Possessors of this drug Zu'ur are henceforth declared clanless and are to be impaled; their goods are to be confiscated and returned to their clans for distribution to law-abiding clan members. Those selling Zu'ur are to be seized and brought before the highest tribunals for interrogation. Mind Bars of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-Second Levels are to be used as needed, and no shred of secrecy shall remain to any such prisoner. If such a culprit then live, he or she is to be confined within The Ultimate Labyrinth beneath the Tolek Kana Pits, from whence they may be brought forth again from time to time for further interrogation and punishments. Further: all military authorities on the coasts are to be alerted to destroy Hlyss shipping and to search all vessels of other nationalities within the waters of the Empire. Further: overland parties are to be searched similarly, watches are to be doubled on the Sakbe Roads, and within every city informers are to be set to seeking out these trading in Zu'ur. Further: a party of the bravest adventurers is to be formed and provided with

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weapons and devices; this party is then to land secretly upon the island of the Hlyss and seek to destroy the source of this drug. Offer whatever pay is asked and promise the greatest honours the Imperium can offer to those taking part in this expedition. Require the Princeps of the Omnipotent Azure Legion, Lord Quorama hiRi'nyussa to appoint a leader of this force and to see to its success." This is sealed with the Great Seal of the Imperium. From the Secret Book the following words are added: "Interrogate privately those known to be closest to the courtesan Tsauhl; apprehend her. Arrange another, secret expedition to be sent to the waste of Jannu to seek out any living Mihalli and cause them to cease cooperation in this matter by any means available. Arrange also for the transport of confiscated supplies of Zu'ur into Yan Kor and its distribution to notables and persons of rank in Yan Koryani society." This is signed by the Emporer himself.]



The Charge of the N'lyss

" . . . Know ye, O Transcendental Eye of Viewing the Night and the Day, that complaints have been received regarding the recruitment practices of the Legion of Ketl, the traditional guards of the Tolek Kana Pits in Bey Sy. They still pursue their ancient custom of tricking and drugging young persons and then kidnapping them to serve as Pit Guards far beneath the earth. It is clear, O Master of Myriad Slaves, that this practice has sanction: it was condoned by the Seventeenth Seal Emperor, who gave the Legion of Ketl a charter permitting this means of recruitment into what otherwise had become a most unpopular unit. Of late, however, complaints from clans of high status have been received, and several young men and Aridani women have disappeared. Lord Arkhane hiPurushqe, the hereditary Master of the Pits, claims innocence from wrongdoing and quotes the charter. A search was initiated, but this was not successful. A prayer for guidance is offered." [The glyph "make further observations" follows. The following words are added in the secret portion of the Book: "Know ye further, O Arrow of Inimitable Striking, that it is reported that the Royal Son, Prince Dhich'u-ne, is the patron of the Legion of Ketl. He holds curious ceremonies and orgiastic practices in the labyrinths beneath the Pits, these being devoted to Great Sarku, Lord of Worms. It is his hand which stays the agents of the Imperium. As is known to the Petal Throne, the disappearance of the foreign priest of Vimuhla, Daonar, was reported by Her Highness, the Princess Ma'in Krythai; she had formed a liking for this personage and instigated a search for him in secret. This led no further than the recruiting halls in

the Palace of Ever-Glorious War, where this Daonar had gone to recruit men for a Cohort of the Legion of the Lord of Red Devastation, mighty Vimuhla, God of Fire. It is then stated that this Daonar was last seen in the company of an officer of the Legion of Ketl — who has also since disappeared — but the hand of Prince Dhich'u-ne checks any further investigation. A command is sought." The secret record then has this statement: "Prince Dhich'u-ne's allegiance to Lord Sarku is known and is a source of sorrow unto the Divine Emperor, who ever serves Almighty Hnalla, Lord of Good. Prince Dhich'u-ne is to be informed privately by the highest available officer of the Omnipotent Azure Legion that the Legion of Ketl is to cease the abduction of persons of high clan status or of honoured foreigners. A search is to be made, and unwilling recruits of this sort are to be released forthwith. The charter granted by the Ever-Living Ancestor, the Seventeenth Seal Emperor, is to be amended to read: 'persons of lower clans and ranks only are to be so recruited, and even these must be given an opportunity to raise a ransom fixed by the Governor of Bey Sy in consultation with the clan heads and the Omnipotent Azure Legion. If this is paid, they, too, shall go free. Further: the priest Daonar shall be produced at once; it is not fitting that one who was so recently vouchsafed the Gold of Glory in reward for bravery in a Qadarni battle should so shamefully disappear from view.'" Translator.]

" . . . Know ye, O Upholder of the Thrones of the Gods, that the venerable priest Tu'ingashte, High Princeps of the Temple of Thumis, has at last peacefully passed forth from the gates of this life and has sought refuge in the Halls of the Blessed of Belkhanu. The High Council of the Temple of Thumis seeks permission to appoint a certain Gamalu, a native of the island of Ganga, to this post. His qualifications are appended. [A sheaf of documents and reports is attached. Translator.] A command is sought. [This is followed by a report in the Secret Book: "Although this person is young and of relatively lower level, the High Council of the Temple of Thumis has selected him in spite of the existence of several older and more senior candidates. Factionalism within the High Council had created great jealousy and hostility, and no faction was willing to agree to the others' nominees. Hence, a relative outsider was chosen. This person appears competent, but he must walk a most delicate line and anger no one, since favouritism of one group or another will inevitably lead to enmity and possibly to violence. If he succeeds, then well and good; if his feet falter, he will be sacrificed to the interests of temple unity. The High Princeps of Bey Sy, Lord Durugen hiNashomai, the Lord Adept of the High Council, Count Rirutlu hiVrazhimi, and the Senior High Priest of Jakalla, Lord Kashonu hiSsaivra, head the three major factions within the Temple of Thumis, and their differences are both political and theological. This Gamalu must dance a delicate step between the doctrines of the Imminence of the Eye, the Transcendentalism of the Eye, and the Phenomenal Manifestation of the Eye, to name but three theological positions under current dispute, and he must also balance clan and region and noble family more surely than any juggler. Guidance is earnestly prayed!" [The public record contains the simple glyph signifying "petition granted." The Secret Book, however, goes on: "Friction within the Temple of Thumis is to be avoided at all costs. Give this Gamalu a fief worthy of his status — Paya Gupa, preferably, since this is now vacant. He will require wealth with which to prosecute his policies and pacify his enemies. Should his steps falter, see that he is not harmed by any of the factions within the Temple, but rather arrange for his demise or removal by some accidental means so that none may suspect. In this way conflict within the Temple will be avoided." Translator.]

" . . . Know ye, O Refulgent Orb of All-Encompassing Radiance, that one Lord Chegalla, a person who has made a considerable fortune in forest products in the Gilraya region, wishes to organize an expedition to seek the fabled lost city of Bayarsha. Our agents in Livyanu have reported rumours of jungle tribesmen bringing in curious objects to trade in the markets of Kakan. Although these jungles have long been deemed impassable, it is clear that some corridor exists and that mighty Bayarsha may again be found. What is the Imperial Will?" [The following report is appended in the Secret Book: "A report comes from another source regarding this Bayarsha: the Priest Dutlor has informed his superiors in the Temple of Dlamelish that he has learned through magical sources that the city of Bayarsha can hardly ever be reached through the jungles — these forests are filled with inimical plant and animal life of the most alien and horrific sorts, and the vegetation is so thick that it may take a man a week to hack out a yard of progress, only

to find that the jungle has grown back behind him — but indeed there is a magical egg device in the labyrinths below Bey Sy which may take a small party thither. The problem, according to this Dutlor, is that every inhabitant of Bayarsha knows every other one, and it is thus impossible to move openly through its streets. The Bayarshans do take slaves, but only women and children, who are then worked to death or slain. Even were one to find the egg-like device mentioned by this priest, it must be stated that it is not a certain journey, for the thing is ensorcelled and takes the unwary traveller to many unknown and fearsome destinations. It is not known how the Bayarshans work their telepathic recognition of one another, but it is evident that this is a dangerous and even foolhardy attempt. Speak, O Mighty Fount of Victory!" The following passage is added in the Secret Book: "Discourage this Chegalla from making the attempt by land; either the Livyani secret police, the Vru'uneb, would complete his sojourn in this life, or else the jungles would see to it. Give him instead whatever guidance he requires and let him seek out this egg-like transport device. If he can then solve the matter of the Bayarshans' instant recognition of aliens in their midst, then let him attempt the journey. Before he departs, an account of his estate and records of his taxes and tithes should be obtained, so that if he were not to return, his heirs would not suffer." The public Book has simply the glyph for "petition granted." Translator. A few pages later in the Secret Book there is another document which bears upon the same matter:]

" . . . Know ye, O Coruscating Scintillation of Splendour, that a minor rebellion has arisen in the east. The Governor of Fasiltum reports that the young foreigner who had been made fiefholder of Ferinara purchased many slaves and hired freemen of low and dubious character, his intention being to train these persons for military service in the armies of the Imperium. Because this was an experiment, the Governor of Fasiltum made no objection. Not since the reign of the Fifth Seal Emperor had anyone armed slaves thus, and — as happened in that far-off age too — certain of these slaves became maddened with the winds of "freedom." Under the leadership of a foreign slave, variously named Shipetotek or Shipetl Torek by our sources, some hundreds of these persons rebelled during the absence of the lord of Ferinara. Slaying guards, looting storehouses, and raiding villages, they then fled into the wilds of northern Kerunan and the Chaigari Protectorate. With his mate, a low-caste dancing girl named Kalaryal, the aforementioned slave tried to establish himself and his crew amongst the loyal villagers of Chaigari. Certain tribes did indeed give him shelter and food — more from fear of his rude slave "troops" than from any desire to abandon the hand of Imperial protection. Upon receiving information, the fiefholder of Ferinara left Bey Sy, where he had been in attendance at the court of your illustrious daughter, the Princess Ma'in Krythai, and journeyed to Fasiltum where he begged for troops to put down this uprising. The Governor had few to give him, however, since most troops are now needed along the northern frontiers. Our intelligence is that many of the followers of this slave leader have scattered: 129 were retaken by the authorities in Kerunan, 30 were seized in the hinterlands around Hekellu, and the Salarvani are rumoured to have captured the slave leader himself and also his mate. This last is not yet verified, but an urgent mission has been sent to the Hall of the Dome in Tsatsayagga. A Hlaka trading mission also reported taking ten or twenty starving slaves within their lands; they were offered gold for their return, but, as is typical of Hlaka humor, they chose instead to fly these captives southwards and release them within the territory of the Ssu! There is thus no present danger of further uprising. Even if this slave leader be at large, he can do little more than loot an occasional village. Inspire your slaves, O Lord, with your Divine Will! [There follows the glyph denoting "act as follows," and the following edict is appended: "Send agents into Kerunan and the Chaigari Protectorate; determine the fate of the slave leader and capture him alive if possible; send him to Avanthal since the Glorious Presence desires you look upon the face of one foolish enough to flout the might of the Everlasting Empire. See to the capture and death of all of his followers; pursue them forever until this is done. Punish those tribes who aided the rebels: impress all of them — men, women, children, animals, etc. — into Imperial service and transport them across the land to Penom, where they are to be resettled in villages and given the task of clearing the swamps. See also that the fiefholder of Ferinara is apprised of Imperial displeasure. In view of his courage in defeating the forces of the Baron of Yan Kor in the recent Quadarni battle, he is to receive no punishment, but if he cannot cope with the administration of his fief,

then he must be transferred to some post of lesser responsibility. Further: none within the Empire is to arm a slave or attempt to raise military forces from amongst slaves or the lower classes of freemen. No further raising of unsupervised cohorts will be permitted, and in no case shall a foreigner be allowed to raise and arm a body of more than twenty men without specific guidance and permission from the Imperium." Translator.)

" . . . Know ye, O Sufficiency of Ornament, that reports have come describing an attempt by the younger hotheads of the Temple of Hry'y to send forth an expedition to seek the lost city of Bayarsha. Their spies have come to know of Lord Chegalla's plans to go thither, and they thus plot to reach the goal first. Their methods are not known, although it is clear that they also have been told of the priest Dutlor's information about the place. Moreover, to complicate the issue further, the secret Ndalu Society of the Temple of Ksarul, a group of fanatics of great power and dubious loyalty, has also proposed an expedition to seek Bayarsha. Spies and counterspies abound in the councils of the temples, and hence the goal of one may soon become the objective of all. The more learned priests of the Society, moreover, have access to partial maps of the labyrinths beneath Bey Sy (though not the dreaded Ultimate Labyrinth), and they plan to abduct this Dutlor and drain him of knowledge, hoping to reach the magical transport device first. What is the command?" [The Secret Book contains the following reply: "See that the Incandescent Blaze Society of the Temple of Vimuhla also comes to know of these plans; let them all send forth expeditions and hopefully frustrate one another. Nothing must upset the balance of power within the Imperium at this juncture. Dissuade Lord Chegalla's party — it is clear that they must await a better time, for should they make the attempt now, they will be caught between the man factions of the evil temples and ground as one grinds herbs in a mortar. See that this Lord Chegalla is transferred to a better fief: the recent death of Lord Vretlan hiGiridra, master of the fief Firusanra [hex 3308; Translator], has left a vacancy, and upon no account should it be passed on to his foolish son, Lord Breshti. Perhaps Lord Chegalla will be able to control the roving bands of Pachi Lei bandits in the forests and swamps near his region." [The public record contains none of these reports, Translator. The Secret Book contains one more document relating to this matter:]

" . . . Know ye, O Redolent Incense upon the Altars of the Most High Gods, that the Aridani Lady Chia, sister of Lord Breshti, these days is in Bey Sy at the court of the radiantly sublime Princess Ma'in. She has come to know of the possibility of Lord Chegalla's being appointed to Firusanra, and she was overheard to make the following remark: 'Either I shall marry this Chegalla, or I shall bury him — or perhaps both . . .' Further: the priesthood of the temple of Ksarul did indeed send a mission into the labyrinths below Bey Sy; it did not return. The priests of the Ndalu Society are closemouthed, but it is evident that there was some sort of confrontation underground between their party and some other — as yet unknown. What is the Imperial Command?" [The secret Book contains the following glyphs: "continue to observe and report." Translator]

" . . . Know ye, O High-Thrust Buttress of Imperial Might and Power, that the priest of Ketengku who previously made report of a curious Sakbe Road upon certain maps which is shown to lead nowhere [hex 3123; Translator] did organize an expedition to travel upon this "road." When his party did not return, the Governor of Urmish, the Glorious Lord Ge'eltigane hiBeshmylu, did send forth an expedition to seek him. After three days this returned in fear and disorder, reporting that the Sakbe Road was indeed just that for much of their journey: a ruined, disused, uncompleted Sakbe Road. On the second night of their trip, however, the sky seemed to become like lead, clouds darkened the two moons, and they felt strange forces moving within the earth. They had camped off the road to one side, and when they gazed upon the road, lo! it had become a mighty Sakbe Road of ebon stone, high and perfect, and somehow malignant. Even as they watched, they saw many tiny lights of glowing fire-hue leaping along it, and they heard a sound like unto ghostly hallooing in the wind. They would have stood and looked further, but they reported that certain of these lights halted on the road near unto them. They then turned and fled in disorder. As yet, no trace of the priest of Ketengku has been found. What is the Ever-Perfect Oracle?" [This is followed by glyphs denoting "report the matter to the senior priests of Ketengku and Thumis; should they wish to raise an expedition to study the matter, let them do so." Translator.]

[The following passage is taken from the Secret Book only:] ". . . Know ye, Most Mighty God-King of Omnipresent Justice, that, as is known, last year the Omnipotent Azure Legion was instructed to confine certain members of the ancient Vriddi clan because of the possibility of political unrest in Fasiltuyn, the City of the Chiming Skulls. Being of unmixed descent from the last kings of the Bednalljan Dynasty, and having some support from the older families of Fasiltum, the heiress to the Vriddi lands, Elara Ferriya hiVriddi, did hold some thought, perhaps, of rebellion or at least of attempts to gain further control and autonomy for her clan and for Fasiltum. She was thus apprehended, together with her half-brother, Lord Qarras hiVriddi, and her cousin, Lord Chekkutane hiVriddi, and the three were secretly taken and cast into the Tolek Kana Pits. It is then reported that the Royal Prince, Lord Dhich'une, learned of these prisoners and desired to enjoy their discomfort during one of his private 'ceremonies.' Somehow — and it is not known how — matters became confused during the orgy, and a lowly prison guard and another person, whose identity as het baffles all of our agents, managed to make off with Qarras hiVriddi. At first it was thought that the Lady Elara and Lord Chekkutane had also been thus similarly set at liberty, but afterward Lord Arkhane hiPurushqe, the Master of the Pits, told an even stranger tale of putting a shape-changing spell upon a courtesan and a gladiator, who were also prisoners therein, and making these two into the likenesses of the Lady Elara and Lord Chekkutane. The two abductors gave credence to this disguise and took the two away, believing them to be the aforesaid noble captives. These latter are thus still in custody, but it seems that Lord Qarras, the two disguised prisoners, and the two abductors then fled into the Ultimate Labyrinth, from which they did not ever re-emerge. What is the Omniscent Resolve?" [The following passage appears in the Secret Book only: "Dissuade Lord Dhich'une from the holding of further such ceremonies, at least with prisoners of rank and importance. Cause an investigation, obtain their exact likenesses through magical spells, and discover their precise words similarly. Cause the Lady Elar Ferriya hiVriddi and her cousin, Lord Chekkutane hiVriddi, to be frozen with the Excellent Ruby Eye, seal them into blocks of adamantine cement, and transport them to the Lower Catacomb of Silent Waiting beneath Our palace of Avanthal. Observe the activities of other members of the Vriddi clan in Fasiltum with greatest care: Lord Tlaquru Verekka hiVriddi, the current governor of Fasiltum, is known to be totally loyal to the Imperium, as are many of his faction within the Vriddi clan. Those opposed to Lord Tlaquru and somewhat in favour of local autonomy and more power for the Vriddis are mostly young, proud of their noble lineage, and rather impetuous. Do nothing to antagonize these persons, but observe them closely. Do all possible to increase the popularity of the Imperium in Fasiltum. Recruit those Vriddis who are suitable into the Imperial forces and see that they are transferred to distant posts. Do nothing to pursue the abductors and the escaped prisoners; they have entered the Ultimate Labyrinth, and nothing further can be done to recapture them. One can only commend their spirits unto Belkhanu, the Lord of the Excellent Dead, for reward or punishment, as they may merit . . ." Translator.]

[Note: the pages of this magazine have been impregnated with a powerful Mind-Bar. Referees are instructed, therefore, to ignore any player character who attempts to impart in any way the information given above to any non-player character or other player character during a campaign.]



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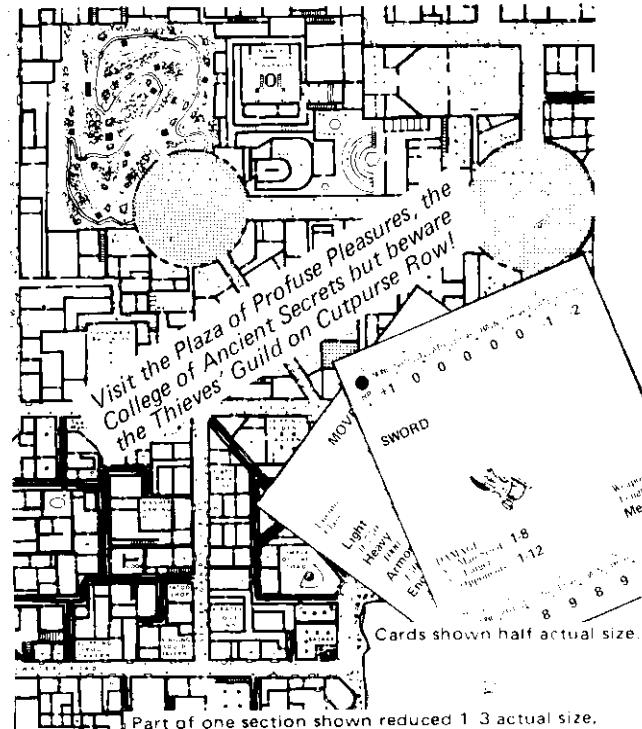
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Designer's Forum: Metamorphosis Alpha

Notes on the Androids on The Starship Warden

by James M. Ward

In the far future, there exists a colonization starship called **Warden**. The ship now roams the universe, uncontrolled by human hands, only its main ships computer stops it from running into any large planetary bodies. The ship is randomly infested with radiation, which has caused the life within to mutate in many ways. The medical section of the ship was given over in part to the formulation of synthetic life, in the form of humanoid androids. When the radiation cloud that affected the ship killed the crew, it also destroyed the controlling link the main ships computer had with the formulation vats.

A set of androids was produced with programmed medical knowledge, but no programmed instructions. The radiation in the medical area affected the fibrous brain cells of the androids and provided the creatures with a sort of animal cunning. These androids with medical knowledge made others, and soon a colony of them existed in the medical section of the ship. They were able to make themselves resistant to all forms of radiation, and plans were soon launched to consolidate the whole ship section they were on. Two factors stopped this scheme. The androids had a built-in obsolescence factor that killed them off in two years, and nothing they could do changed this. The other factor was the existence of mutations that continually invaded the area and were fearless, even when slaughtered to the last being.

These variables led the chemical creations to change their entire set-up on the ship. The medical area that dealt with the creation of androids was blocked off from the rest of the level and all the efforts of these creatures went into the exploration and classification of all life on the ship and the study of increasing the life span of the race of androids as a whole. The exploration studies spanned many human lifetimes and cost untold numbers of androids but developed a rather complete picture of the ship. The study revealed many pockets of human habitation, and these pockets were infiltrated by human-appearing androids. While it was necessary to replace them every two years, exact doubles were easily formed because they were simply grown from vats. Quite soon, androids, with their superior knowledge and unhuman physical powers, started assuming positions of command, in the form of tribal leaders or more often as shamans.

These androids usually sought to place their human tribes in conflict with the many mutated species on the ship. This constant war stopped all beings from becoming too powerful and left the androids alone to continue their efforts in increasing their life span — a study that has gotten them nothing but if completed would allow them to take over the ship, their world!

Their plans did not always go smoothly, however. Mutations of several different types were able to sense the unhuman nature of the android. Sometimes an android died and revealed to other human tribesmen that their leader was alien. Animals that were domesticated by many human tribes often refused to be near androids, forcing the chemical men to be very careful around them. Lastly, the androids all feared that sometime, somewhere a mutation would be created that had powers unstoppable by human and android alike. Then, when an android was in every human tribe and most were in positions of power, their worst fears were realized in the form of a little pink ball-like creature called the "fuzzy."

This small, almost helpless, mutation required only affection to thrive and multiply. It was quickly adopted and used by a race of lizard men, who discovered the fuzzies weren't so helpless after all. It seemed the little mutation could transmit any emotion the holder of the creature wished. It also attacked androids on sight and in many cases was able to hasten the chemical obsolescence process. Attacks were made on this race by the human group on that level, but were negated by the strange power of the fuzzy and the android leaders of that group were killed. The lizard men, while terrible in battle, were essentially pacifistic in nature. This factor and their fuzzies allowed them to make peace with the

human tribe, which in turn made the whole level dangerous for the androids. The search by the chemical men then went on for a mutation to combat the fuzzy menace. None was found during the course of the first long year thereafter — half an android lifetime.

The above is from the journal of Emaj the fat mutant philosopher, as translated by Yra, the Wise.

Jakalla Encounters

by Steve Klein

Since the Foreigners' Quarter of Jakalla tends to be a run-down and neglected part of the city (except for the Resthouses for Visitors of Upper-Middle and Upper Status, whose grounds are patrolled by private guards), new players are likely to encounter petty criminals and riffraff there during their search for legitimate employment. When rolling a six-sided die per section 1110 a 1 indicates that such an encounter has taken place. Roll percentile dice against the following table:

- 1-25 1-12 drunks; may be belligerent (roll against Nonplayer Character Reaction Table).
- 26-50 Beggar; may **occasionally** (at referee's option) be noble or god in disguise.
- 51-60 Pimp; will attempt to hire or buy any player with comeliness 81 or more. If refused, may summon 2-12 armed thugs to attack; will almost certainly do this if refused a player with comeliness 96-100. Carries 50-200 K.
- 61-70 Street gang, 3-18 members, armed with stones, daggers and clubs. Leader is level 2 and carries a mace. Will attack only if they outnumber party. City patrols arrive after 7-12 combat rounds to break up fight.
- 71-85 Pickpocket; attempts to steal weapon and 1-20 Kaitars from randomly chosen player. 25% chance of catching him in the act: if caught, 50% chance that he has lifted player's weapon and will use it to defend. If not caught, players have 75% chance of spotting him running away (30-70 ft. range).
- 86-95 2-8 muggers attacking 1-4 women. Muggers each have 35% chance of being level 2, 15% chance of level 3. All are armed with daggers and clubs. They carry 10-100 K among them.
- 96-100 1-6 priests of the ancient Goddess of the Pale Bone, plus 2-12 followers. Priest are level 2-4 (and may carry Eyes and bonus spells). All are unarmed except for ropes and nets, with which they attempt to seize torture victims for their rites. Captured players will be dragged to the sect's underworld sanctuary beneath Jakalla.

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*A hogya out fishing one Sunday morning.
by Neil Healey*

The Battle of the Temple of Chanis: 2020 A.S.

By M.A.R. Barker

Players of "*The Empire of the Petal Throne*" have indicated a strong interest in fighting some of Tekumel's battles in miniature. The necessary figures are now being produced by **The Old Guard** (and judging from the prototypes thus far seen, they will be SPLENDID indeed), and tactical battle rules are also nearly ready. Without an idea of the nature of warfare on Tekumel, however, it would be difficult to simulate "realistic" Tekumelani warfare on the miniatures wargaming table.

All of the major nations of Tekumel maintain standing armies; the planet is rich enough to allow for economic provision for specialists and the development of complex social and military structures. Tradition and custom are strong, of course, and during periods of peace these troops engage in maneuvers, mock battles (often for large wagers between Legions), and in the ritualistic Qadarni ("Little War") Battles with forces of neighboring lands. The last may be described as formal challenge "duel" battles: a small force (often only a few hundred men) is selected to advance just beyond their borders to make challenge. The invaded nation then sends out a matches force (so far as possible, depending upon the nearness and availability of troops.) There is much ceremony and pomp, challenge and counter-challenge, individual duels between "heroes," and finally a melee in which the objective is to capture prisoners for ransom and/or sacrifice. Great quantities of weapons, wealth, etc. are wagered by both sides. Strategy in these Qadarni battles is quite minimal, and casualties are usually light. When one side indicates that it has had enough, it is permitted to withdraw with no pursuit.

Major warfare on Tekumel, on the other hand, involves the fighting of Qadardali ("Great Wars"), involving as many or as few troops as are available and thought necessary, much as warfare was fought on Earth during ancient times. Strategy, elaborate tactics, ruses, ambushes, etc. etc. are all utilized. There is still ritual, and there are unwritten codes of chivalry, of course, but — as in warfare on this planet — the goal is to win the battle and gain one's objectives with as few losses as possible! All of the nations of Tekumel have access to the many dozens of treatises on tactics and warfare written over the past thousands of years, and troops on Tekumel (being trained standing armies) are usually better equipped, organized, and trained than their ancient earthly counterparts. Maneuvers are often complex, and morale is usually high. To serve as a soldier is an honourable and desirable occupation, and hence young men of intelligence and station are attracted to the profession of arms.

Although it is hard to generalize, the developments of a Qadardali battle may be described as follows: (a) the High Command determines the overall grand strategy and objectives for the war and its events and assigns elements of whatever forces are available; (b) the High Command chooses the "Force Commander" (the Kerdu), and he consults with his fellow Legion commanders, staff officers, and quartermasters; (c) routes are chosen, plans and likely battlefields are discussed, supplies and forage are arranged, and alternatives are selected; (d) scouts and spies are sent out, usually with a chain of telepathic communication to provide instant response; (e) troops are ordered to the chosen area and moved out, each unit under the command of one of the Kerdu's subsidiary generals or a **Dritlan** (roughly translatable as "Cohort Commander"); (f) when contact is made, there is much maneuvering to bring about a battle on favourable terrain; (g) when both sides have committed their forces, final tactical positions are chosen, and troops brought to the field; (h) there are then challenges and counter-challenges, as for a Qadarni battle, and individual duels of champions take place; (i) the Kerdu and his staff take up a position in the rear, preferably upon an eminence, with actual field command done by the various **Dritlan** and **Molkar** officer grades; (j) assigned contingents of priests and magic users set up their paraphernalia on the same or another nearby well-guarded eminence; (k) after the completion of the various rituals and individual duels (usually some eight to ten), the great war drums (the Korangkoreng) are beaten, and the general raises his standard (the Kaing) to signal assigned units to advance or to shift quickly into some

other planned formation; (l) melee is then joined, and the battle commences in earnest; (m) when a winner has been determined, the losers rout or withdraw, and these are usually pursued to be enslaved, sacrificed, or killed outright; (n) further signals are given to permit the looting of enemy baggage, the recall of pursuing troops, and the regrouping of units. This, then is the idealized format of a Qadardali battle; what really happens is often quite different due to the innumerable unforeseen factors which have plagued commanders from the dawn of history down to the present!

Perhaps the best way to portray one of these great battles is to describe one of the crucial engagements of the Great War of 2,020 A.S. between the Tsolyani and their western neighbours, the Mu'ugalavyani: the Battle of Chanis.

This battle took place near a ruined shrine, the Temple of Chanis, on the banks of a shallow stream called the Koshtla River (although "river" is too dignified a name for this trickle of muddy water). The season was early winter, the month of Lesdrim, and the region was thus crisscrossed with ploughing, winter seeding was in progress, and the vegetation was only sparsely leaved. The Koshtla River runs at a diagonal, northwest to southwest, between two low ranges of hills at this point, with the ruins of the village of Firshtelu (burned by the advancing Mu'ugalavyani) in the north, the ruined shrine of Chanis near the banks of the river in the centre, and sparsely forested low hills in the north, the southeast, and along the western edge of the chosen field. (N.B. This detail is not given on the large hex maps supplied with the game, "Empire of the Petal Throne," since the scale is too small. For those who are interested, this battle occurred in hex 3312.)

The objective of the Mu'ugalavyani High Commander, General Buruchenish, was to prevent the Tsolyani from moving north to cut off Mu'ugalavyani supply lines needed by forces besieging the capital, Bey Sy. His army was numerically larger than that of his opponent, the Tsolyani general Tukolen hiMirkitani, and the Mu'ugalavyani were thus not averse to battle, knowing that if they won, the way to the south would lie open and almost undefended to them.

The Tsolyani, on the other hand, knew that they must break through the Mu'ugalavyani cordon and cut the supply lines moving along the Sakbe Road from captured Katalal to the besiegers around Bey Sy. The Tsolyani knew that another friendly force was moving south from the city of Sarku, but Mu'ugalavyani forces in that area were strong, and the salvation of the capital lay primarily in the hands of General Tukolen's motley army.

Forces used in the battle by each army are listed on the accompanying map.

It will be useful now to turn from a historian's description of the battle to the memoirs of one who took part in it and allow him to tell it in his own words as he saw it. Chaeyan Tikkumeshmra was at that time a young Kasi ("Captain") in the Legion of Mirkitani, Hero of Victories, 7th Imperial Heavy Infantry, and he has left his account of this battle in his autobiography, "Korunkoi hiChanye1 hituplanGardasaisayal" ("The Book of a Life of Beloved, Glorious Deeds"). Such autobiographies are customarily sent by elder statesmen to the Imperial Archives at Avanthar, and a copy is also entombed with the writer. Chaeyan later went on to become General of the Legion of Mirkitani, Prefect of the Armies of the West at Tumissa, and finally Lord Chamberlain of the Chancery at Avanthar. He died at an advanced age in 2,078 A.S. Let us now turn to Chaeyan's description on the morning of the battle:

" . . . and upon that morning were all the Gods amongst us, as men rose to pray to their Deities, mighty and powerful of victories. The day had dawned cloudy and overcast, which was an omen of wonder for the month of Lesdrim, and my comrade, Dirullel, said that in his native Purdimal this was the sign of a good event to gladden the hearts of all of those who wrought death for the Emperor. I allowed my men to overhear him, and they were much cheered, for Dirullel had gained the reputation of a man of true omens. . .

"When the sun was not yet one hand above the horizon I was summoned by my commander, the Dritlan Firussu hiDeggashu, to do obeisance and learn of our dispositions. My heart was joyed to find that

our Legion was to stand in the centre of our line and face the red-helmets as Hrugga once faced the Giant Nirusama (A mythological reference; *Translator*). In our front were to be a rabble of light archers and javelinmen, local fellows all, fighting not only for the Imperium but also for their ruined fields and homes which the Mu'ugalavyani had laid waste. To our left were some 2,000 men of the Legion of Red Devastation, devoted fanatics of the God Vimuhla, who fight with great two-handed swords and care not for their persons once battle is joined. To our right and behind us the Lord Tukolen had emplaced 1,000 great, black-scaled Shen mercenaries, who had kissed the coin of the Emperor. Directly behind us and upon a small hill, our beloved Tukolen had set some twenty great bolt-throwers, and his reserves to either side, and his own position (and that of his priests) there also. Thus did Firussu inform all of us captains. We rejoiced much at his saying, for our Legion would gain victory upon this day, and our names would be written in the Book of Deeds at Avanthal!

"Then he did tell us of our own plan: at first we were to form into the "Stone Mountain" formation described and favoured by the tactician Sa'alur: a mighty phalanx 200 men in width and 10 men deep. Upon a trumpet from the rear, however, we were to open into the "Garment of Idessa" formation (a checkerboard pattern — *Translator*) and allow our light troops to run back through between our units. When we reached the wretched little river, we were to do as our Dritlan himself commanded and regroup into the "Stone Mountain" or continue on in the "Garment of Idessa" formation. To each of us were signals and placements given, and we each bowed our heads and swore to do the bidding of our superiors, for this is the way of a military person of honour and status.

"In my own unit I put Dirullel beside me, for we were as clan-brothers, and I saluted each of my men by name and clan and station. Then were we prepared. Since we were short of rations and had nothing better than peasant bread of coarse Dna grain, we were not long in breakfasting, and then we were ready to move forward. Yet the command did not come until the sun was three hands above the horizon, for there were many tasks and many men, and these matters took up the morning.

"At length Ko'on, the Vrayani messenger favoured by Firussu, came unto us and gave each of us the signal. We moved forward, forming into ranks and files as we moved, and after some paces we fell naturally into march-step. Dirullel then took up our Legion chant of "Joy to Qon" (for we were most of us worshippers of Qon in that Legion), and some said that they saw the mask of Mighty Qon looking upon us from the sky — although I think that this was but imagining. We moved forward some three Tsan through the cloudy day, and a great sight we made indeed, with our long pikes and our blue-lacquered shields, and our red-crested helmets of blue lacquered Chlen-hide. I myself had the fortune of a steel helmet and a shield banded with steel, and these I had polished until they gleamed like the Crown of the King of the Gods.

"When we at last stood in our place and formation, we saw the disposition of our friends. We could not see the enemy for the lines of light troops in front, but to our left we were gladdened by the flame-crested helmets and glittering swords of the Legion of Red Devastation, who stood coldly like images of their fiery God, silent, communing with their priests who sacrificed before them. Now we saw that to our left and in front of us there were archers of the Legion of Girikteshmu. This was a good sign, for we knew that the Mu'ugalavyani would employ many missilemen. To the rear of the Legion of Red Devastation we saw a group of great brown Ahoggya take up position. These were like mighty behemoths of evil, furred aspect, mumbling and crooning in their unspeakable tongue, clutching javelins heavy enough for two men and rough shields of metal and wood. Although I was placed on our leftmost side, still I could smell the sharp, bitter stench of the Shen moving now into position to our right rear. I looked about and saw the ballista crews heaving their ungainly engines into position behind us, and now there was a flurry upon the little hillock there, and then a roar went up from our troops, for Lord Tukolen did appear himself with the Kaing of all the Legions with him. His staff of officers glittered like the moons, and his helmet was resplendent as the bright sun of midday; his right hand bore the Kaing of honour granted of old by the 20th Emperor to his family, to which I have the honour also to belong, though distantly. Priests of all the Gods there were with him, and men of many stations. . .

"Now we heard the coming of the enemy; their war whistles shrilled, and their great drums thundered. Distantly I saw a cloud of dust to the north, and for a few moments I saw glimpses of red-lacquered armour through a gap in our light troops' line. Our own men sent up war cries, and our trumpets blared, and the din was like unto the Judgment Hall of Belktanu, Lord of the Goodly Dead. Slowly our own war chant dies, and our troops took up instead the song of "Victory to the Emperor," as is prescribed by custom. Even the ugly Ahoggya and the cold-eyed Shen took it up, so moved were we all. Beside me Dirullel began to sway and move up and down as the ecstasy took him, and all around men began to move and shout in unison. The Legion of Red Devastation began to sway also, and their deepthroated chant of "Vimuhla, Lord of Flame" arose and grew ever greater. It was a sight few men can see without a stirring in the breast.

"Lord Tukolen then raised his Kaing, and slowly man by man, unit by unit, we fell silent there. Now the priests set up a shrill din of chanting and calling upon the Gods, and the smoke of sacrifices rose to the overcast skies. From somewhere a few Mu'ugalavyani prisoners had been obtained, and these were speedily dispatched in sacrifice to the Gods. Now our Kerdu held out the Kaing horizontally before him, and all fell silent as men attired in herald's robes made their way down from the little hill and past us, through our light troops' ranks, to parley with the enemy. None of this could I hear or see, being placed as I was, although men told me later of the brave speeches they made and the powerful challenges, delivered in verse and in scholarly manner as prescribed by tradition. When our leader again raised his Kaing, we looked full upon one another and knew that the hand of the Gods would pick out some amongst us for combat. This is the way of the Gods, and sure enough, we saw the face of one comrade and then another go pale and blank, and these men shuffled forward from our lines and stood looking upon what visions we knew not. I was not fortunate to be amongst them, but Ga'entu, a soldier from my home city in my cohort, was one, and I saw him from close by. He was a mighty fellow, heavy-set and tall, armoured in Chlen-hide and carrying a great barbed pike. Our Dritlan looked down our ranks and saw those who had stepped out. In a moment he had indicated two or three, of whom Ga'entu was one, and these trotted slowly forward to the place where the tall plumes of the heralds could distantly be seen amongst our light troops. I cursed because I could not see what transpired, but I heard indeed a thunder of shouts from beyond our lines: one of our men had been defeated in single combat. Our priests again set up a din of chanting and blaring trumpets, and the next shout of victory came from our front line troops, spreading back amongst all of us, as we saw a young soldier triumphantly dragging a red-armoured Mu'ugalavyani trooper back through our lines well nigh senseless and bleeding from a terrible wound on the temple. Again and again there were shouts, some from us and some from our unseen enemy, and I think that all but our heralds and our leaders lost count of who was victorious and who was taken for sacrifice. I recall only a cacophony of shouting and crying and cheering amidst the rising dust, the sight of plumes and armour, and the stench of sweat and leather and badly cured Chlen-hide. I know not what transpired from moment to moment. I only know that I did not see brave Ga'entu again.

"At last Tukolen raised his great plumed Kaing once more, and a pang as of ice and a nausea went through me as I realized what must now come. I found myself amazed to see my feet moving forward, my helmet visor down (though I do not recall lowering it), my great pike slippery as bloody meat in my hands, my light shield grown suddenly heavy upon my arm. To my front the din changed now to a deeper, more strident cry, and mixed in were the high-pitched screams of men. I could see nothing because of the dust, and I then realized that our light troops had been given orders to raise "the Curtain of Unseeing," a strategem of the great tactician Ssamiren, stamping their feet in the rough ploughed earth and concealing our numbers and our dispositions from the enemy as long as possible.

"Something crackled and shieked over our heads; there was a flash like unto a bolt of lightning, and a harsh snapping sound like a great tree broken in twain. Dazed, I looked about me, but my comrades appeared unharmed. I realized then that we had been fired upon by some enemy sorcery, but our own priestly contingent had set up a defense and thus saved us all. All of us were silent now, pale about the lips, and grim-eyed. Here and there a soldier whispered a word of comfort to a younger comrade, and one youth looked wildly this way and that as does an

animal suddenly realizing that it goes in to the place of slaughter. The boy was in my cohort, and without breaking stride I found my lips commanding the man nearest him to strike him not too roughly and speak words to bring him to his senses. After a moment the youth bit his lip to keep it from trembling and got back into step once again. Not for nothing was all our training, I thought.

"Somewhere a trumpet shrieked in a series of quick notes. Of them selves my feet moved in the patterns of our training, as sure as the stepping of a high-spirited dancing girl of the Temple of Avanthe, and on my right hand our neighbouring unit seemed to draw away from us; the checkered pattern of the "Garment of Idessa" was forming. Dust covered all, and grime filled my mouth and eyes. Now there was a strange pattering, and I looked up wondering if it would dare to rain in the month of Lesdrim. Yet it was not rain but red-feathered arrows which fell amongst us. In the second rank behind me a man fell, yelled something, and struggled while his comrades pushed past him. His long pike dropped squarely upon my shield, and I thought it would be torn from my arm. In a moment, however, I managed to free it, and we continued on as before. Somehow now there were faces in front of us, men coming towards us. The enemy! No, these were our light troops filtering back through our checkered pattern, some wounded, some dying, some fierce-eyed and glaring through red-rimmed dusty lids like demons out of the hells of Wuru. All were emptyhanded, their javelins gone. Now we would see the enemy; this I knew for certainty.

"Again there was a hissing crack as a clay pot breaks in a potter's kiln, and somewhere to my left there was much screaming. I could not tell whether it came from our ranks or the enemy's, although later I learned that the priests had deflected another enemy bolt and in return had delivered a counterspell which had raised several score of the scarlet-clad Mu'ugalavyani archers into the air like a veritable fountain of blood. Even so, the rain of arrows amongst our ranks did not cease, and more men died. Two of these missiles struck my own shield, and I pulled it up higher upon my shoulder and ducked my head without conscious volition. The God Belkhanu strode amongst us that day, accompanied by His five Pale Attendants (the five faces of Death, according to Tsolyani mythology — *Translator*).

"Then it seemed as though every man of us turned white and then black, and our arms and armour glowed with a pale lambency. The patterning of arrows was still to be heard, but these no longer reaped death in our ranks. Our noble priests had cast a great spell of defense over us in the front, and it was enough to deflect these missiles. Nor could our enemy see us — and we could not see him — through the clouds of dust. Such fire is ineffective at best, and we took great heart from our safety. We changed our chant then to the cry "Missum, missum!" ("Death! Death!" *Translator*), which is what our Legion calls as it advances to do battle.

"Now I discerned a great, looming bulk through the dust to my right; this was the fallen Temple of Chanis, its broken columns emerging through the murk like pillars of fire in the sunlight. Men eddied to and fro around its base. Ahead of us the field dropped off gently, and there the waters of the Koshtla gleamed dully like a curved sword of grey steel. Beyond it, on the far side, I glimpsed then the mighty line of the foe: red-dened armour, pot helmets, glittering pikes, and blazoned shields, all awaiting us upon the other bank.

"Still our archers fired in swift unison to our left, and gaps appeared here and there in the enemy array. Straggling groups of our light troops splashed back towards us through the little river, some bloodied and some with enemy hands or heads upon their light spears. Our trumpet, whose note we had come to recognize as a babe knows its own mother's voice, blared thrice, and we halted to regroup into the "Stone Mountain" formation. Yet it did not sound the single long note which would command us to charge. Instead, there was a flurry of deeper tones, and on our left the Legion of Red Devastation slung their little targes upon shoulder or back and broke into a trot. After them came the leaping, hooting horde of Ahoggya brandishing their thick spears in two hands and a little shield in a third hand. Again there came trumpet calls, this time from our right, and distantly I perceived the measured cohorts of the great Shen advancing to the right of our phalanx. Something like a mighty ball of flame went over our heads and fell into the ranks of the foe; our artillery was firing from behind us. Further great bolts could then be seen from both left and right, and I realized that great Tukolen had emplaced two more units of bolt throwers there upon our flanks.

Our strategem became clear to us: we would hold in the centre while the devoted Legion of Red Devastation and the Ahoggya closed from the left, and the terrible Shen did the same from the right! The "Claw of the Krua" tactic, proposed by Ssamiren and advocated by all of the learned tacticians of history since!

"Yet the enemy were also scholars of the military arts. Dimly through the dust we saw a ragged horde of great beings advancing to our left, and after a moment we knew them to be N'lyss, great barbarian tribesmen from the northern reaches of Mu'ugalavya. These, too, had two-handed swords, and they swung these and shook their heads as they came so that their long, greased braids whirled about them like a dancer's skirts. They roared as they ran, leaping joyously to meet Death as a child runs to its clan-mother's arms. I could not see what transpired upon our right, but I learned later that the Mu'ugalavyani had set there a force of armoured Pe Choi to block our Shen, with another, larger force behind these to provide a second shock. Still farther back behind these a force of enemy Shen in wait.

"From where we waited we saw clearly the charge of the Legion of Red Devastation against the barbarians from N'lyssa. When they met there was a sound like a great stone falling upon the earth, and then a fierce clashing, clattering, and clanging. Dust rose to hide the sight, and mingled in were screams and yells and the ululations of the barbarians. Artillery bolts from our left took out swathes of foemen just before they struck, and the droning roar of our troops took on a fiercer, victorious note as they swayed together. The Ahoggya did not join in this fray but instead turned to our far left and disappeared in the murk. At the same time I saw a group of men in light blue armour run out from the trees on our extreme left flank, and I knew them to be slingers of the Legion of the Joyful Clan of Noble Vrayani. These advanced at an angle to the fray, and I knew that many N'lyss in the rearmost ranks would not live to see their cold mountains again.

"Again we felt a tingling, and sparks jumped from the steel of my helm to that of my shield. For a moment I tasted such bitter dregs of fear that I knew my bowels would loosen, and I would grovel or run shrieking from the place. In the next moment, however, I felt a calm and a courage like unto the great Hrugga himself (Hrugga: the great mythological hero of the Tsolyana; *Translator*). I knew that once more the priests of the enemy had attempted a great spell upon us, and our own sorcerers had repulsed this with magics of their own.

"Now from the ranks of the enemy across the stream we heard the "tik-tikka-tuum tik-tikka-TUUM" of their wardrums, and their centre line rolled forward as the waves of the sea rush forward to meet the sands of the shore. From our midst the trumpet of Dritlan Firussu blared, and once more we shifted, this time into the "Teeth of Kra" formation (a series of wedges or triangles in front with a second row of solid squares — *Translator*). From what I could see, our enemy had adopted the "Stone Mountain" formation for themselves, with a large force extending out beyond us on our left. Little did we know that not only did this enemy phalanx outnumber us badly, but that another of only slightly smaller size awaited us behind it!

"Our Dritlan, experienced soldier that he was, waited then until the foremost ranks of our foe were in the water of the river, which came to the tops of their greaves, and then he signaled our advance. Some of our cohorts had bows, and these let off flights of arrows while their comrades to the rear held their pikes. No answering fire came from those facing us, and we were joyed to see men in their front fall, while others behind stumbled and shouted in their harsh, staccato language.

"My pike was slippery in my hands. I recall worrying about my shield, now hanging from its strap from my left shoulder, and I have a recollection of fearing briefly for my footing as we came down the little slope to the river. Then we hit them, and they us. A sharp, barbed pike came towards me, glanced from my shield, and passed to my left. My own point struck something with a great shock, and for a moment I thought I had killed my foe; then my weapon's shaft seemed to rise of itself into the air, and I knew that it had been deflected from my opponent's shield. In the next moment I found my shield locked against that of my enemy. There was a mighty press upon me from both front and back, and I glared eye to eye with my foe. The scarlet cookpot helmet hid much of his face, but I saw his mouth open and the gleam of teeth. Then a glittering point came from behind me and grazed his face; his head skewed to the side, and I reached with my mailed fist to deal him a blow upon the cheek. So tightly pressed were we that I feared I

could not reach my sword; yet somehow it was in my hand, and with this I deflected a pike-point aimed at my own face. The I twisted and pushed the spiky point of my sword into my opponent's eye. There was a gout of blood, and I saw him slump. My own pike was lost to me in the press: now we fought face to face and man to man with swords, the bosses of shields and our mailed hands. I recall little in detail but have only memories like a parti-coloured robe of faces, weapons, arms, the clatter and shrieking and roar of combat. More than this I cannot tell.

"Suddenly I found myself in an open space. Men fought and struggle to both sides of me and also in front of me. Yet I stood alone. I looked about for Dirullel or for any known comrade, and there before me I saw my friend's familiar back, straining as he fought with an armoured enemy. I let my legs carry me forward, and in a trice I had slashed low to cut into the thigh of Dirullel's opponent. The man fell away, and Dirullel flashed me a grimace of thanks. Then we were once again in the press, and I recall no more for awhile.

"It was not until a fury, flapping body plummeted down just to my left that I knew that the Hlaka were also in the fray. These little winged flying beings are not courageous, and they are used mainly to hurl javelins and other missiles down upon enemy troops. Yet this one had a small javelin protruding from his breast. Thus I realized that the Mu'ugalavyani had Hlaka with them, too, and these fought above us desperately for control of the skies. Further magics were being worked as well, and there was a constant flashing and muttering as of thunders, and the light changed from the dusty murk of battle to brilliant luminance, then back to bloody gloom. Time after time we heard the crack of energy bolts or horrid Doomkill spells, sometimes nearby and more often farther away. Feelings as of cold or of fear washed over us, yet our bloodlust was now so strong that these did not affect us. Men shouted, and men died, and weapons clashed, and the din took away our senses and our reason. Yet we did not cease.

"It was not until we found ourselves all standing alone in the field that we knew that our foe lay vanquished before us. To our left, the brave troops of the Legion of Red Devastation were not to be seen through the dust and murk; no doubt they pursued the remnants of the N'lyss. To our right, however, there was still the din of battle, and we looked upon the backs of red-clad soldiers advancing there across the stream to do battle with what I later learned were our Pe Choi reserves. There was no sign of our Shen. I shouted above the uproar and rallied my men to me, as I saw others were doing. Our good Dritlan Firussu came to me, a great slash in his battle armour and a thin trickle of red over the blue upon his breast.

"Let us go there," I cried, 'and aid our comrades! Should we take them in the flank, we shall hold the field!'

"Not so," he replied. 'Do you look there.' And he pointed ahead of us. I was horrified to see a mighty phalanx of red-armoured troops advancing inexorably towards us. It was as though all of our slain foemen were alive again, like the corpses of legend, and once again we must relive those terrible moments of shock and battle. This enemy was fresh, and their armour glittered and clattered in the sun like the carapaces of a myriad Pe Choi.

"We did as we were trained to do. Swiftly we regrouped as best we could. I was saddened to see many gaps in our once-proud line, and our men were weakened and gasping like dogs in the heat. Yet somehow we formed up and waited while the thutting of enemy drums and the measured tramp of booted feet grew ever closer. Some men wept, and some trembled uncontrollably; yet we stood.

"This enemy had no pikes but rather carried longish scalloped swords and great axes. They bore oval shields and wore armour from head to foot. Our men scrambled to find our discarded pikes, at least enough for our front ranks, and those who had bows and arrows drew and fired repeatedly into the enemy ranks but with little effect. In reply, arrows came beating down upon us like the rains of the month of Shapru. Men fell here and there. Yet we held our pikes and waited.

"A flight of Hlaka darkened the sky, and we watched nervously. These were ours, however, and javelins, stones, tree branches, and rocks fell amongst the foe then. We cheered them on. Magic flickered over them, and for some time missiles seemed to deflect away from the foe, then they fell again into their midst. A scorching ray of light leaped into the sky from the Mu'ugalavyani rear, and a dozen little charred bodies fell amongst them as well. Our own sorcerers countered, and for minutes my eyes were dazzled by the interplay of flare and glitter there above us.

"Now our foe was upon us, and once again we withstood the indescribable shock of charge and counter-charge. Our pikes outreached the weapons of the enemy, and we reaped a terrible toll before they forced their way through to us. Then there was again a cacophony of noise, the sight of faces and weapons and shields, and I found myself hemmed about by men grinning like mad Feshenga, two-handed axes whirling about their heads. One struck me a glancing blow upon the arm, and I felt a shock like a great hammer there, but no pain came. This blow threw me away from another foeman, and his long sword cleaved the space in which I had been. Dirullel came, then, and repaid his debt to me by striking down my first opponent from the side while I recovered my stance. Then I reached past the other man's awkward guard and felt my sword grate through the ornamental metal bars of his helmet. Suddenly the fear came upon me that I could not pull my weapon free in time, and I jerked and heaved like a wild beast. It came away and I met the slash of another Mu'ugalavyani just in time to deflect it and send his axe sliding away from me. Again I tried for a helmet thrust, but my sword clattered against his upthrust armoured shoulder, and he backed away to swing again. My little shield would be useless if he caught me full upon it, and I also tried to pull back to my right, only to feel my feet slip away from me upon the body of some fallen comrade — or dead foe. I raised my sword and shield, got to one knee, and watched the axe silhouetted against the sky as it fell. Then there was a terrible crack like all of the thunders of the Gods, a flash of intolerable light, and I fell senseless and knew no more for a time.

"I never expected to wake again save in Belkhanu's lofty halls. Yet my eyes came open of themselves, and I found myself lying sprawled in blood and dirt upon the field. I felt my limbs and realized that but little of this blood was mine, although my shoulder pained me much. Near me a familiar form lay supine upon the body of a scarlet-armoured enemy. I feared to see it, but my hands went of themselves to turn over that warrior and look upon his face. As I knew it must be, I saw there the face of my friend and comrade, good Dirullel, blackened and bloodied and still in the final rictus of death. I wept then, though we are enjoined not to weep since we are soldiers; yet tears flowed down my cheeks without control. All I thought was of blood and chaos, intermingled with vows to find some priest who could make him live again. Yet I knew that this could not be, for such mighty spells are reserved for those of great status in our land. Then I bethought me of the building of a great and beauteous tomb. I know not what I thought or what I did, nor how long I lay there. After a time, then, I looked up to see a soldier picking his way towards me through the wrack of battle. This man wore a helmet crested with flames, and I recognized him as an acquaintance in the Legion of Red Devastation.

"Are you not Chaeyan of the Legion of Mirkitani?" he asked. "What course has the battle taken — do you know?"

I replied that I did not and rose to look about me. Nearby all was blackened and burned like the sacrificial altars of Vimuhla himself — a great Doomkill had struck there, and this it was which had thrown me down and slain my erstwhile opponent. It was this spell, too, which had killed poor Dirullel. When I regained my composure, I asked the man for his news, and he replied that for all he knew, the left flank was certainly ours: his comrades had routed the fearsome N'lyss and caused them to fall back upon the Mu'ugalavyani reserves, a Legion of medium troops held in the rear of their lines. The Ahoggya had swung about to charge the flank of the legion of two-handed axemen and swordsmen who had meleed us, and it was this more than the Doomkill spell which had led to their defeat. The Vrayani slingers had done their work well also, slaying many of the N'lyss and then advancing to kill others of the enemy's medium reserves. Of the right flank, however, neither of us knew anything, and together we stumbled like drunken men through the mingled piles of bodies to the edge of the little stream, now run reddish brown with blood and mire. There we discerned upon the walls of the fallen Temple of Chanis a sight which made us forget our pain and our grief for the moment: upon a high wall stood a party of blue-clad men, and in their midst floated the proud plumes of the Kaing of General Tukolen!

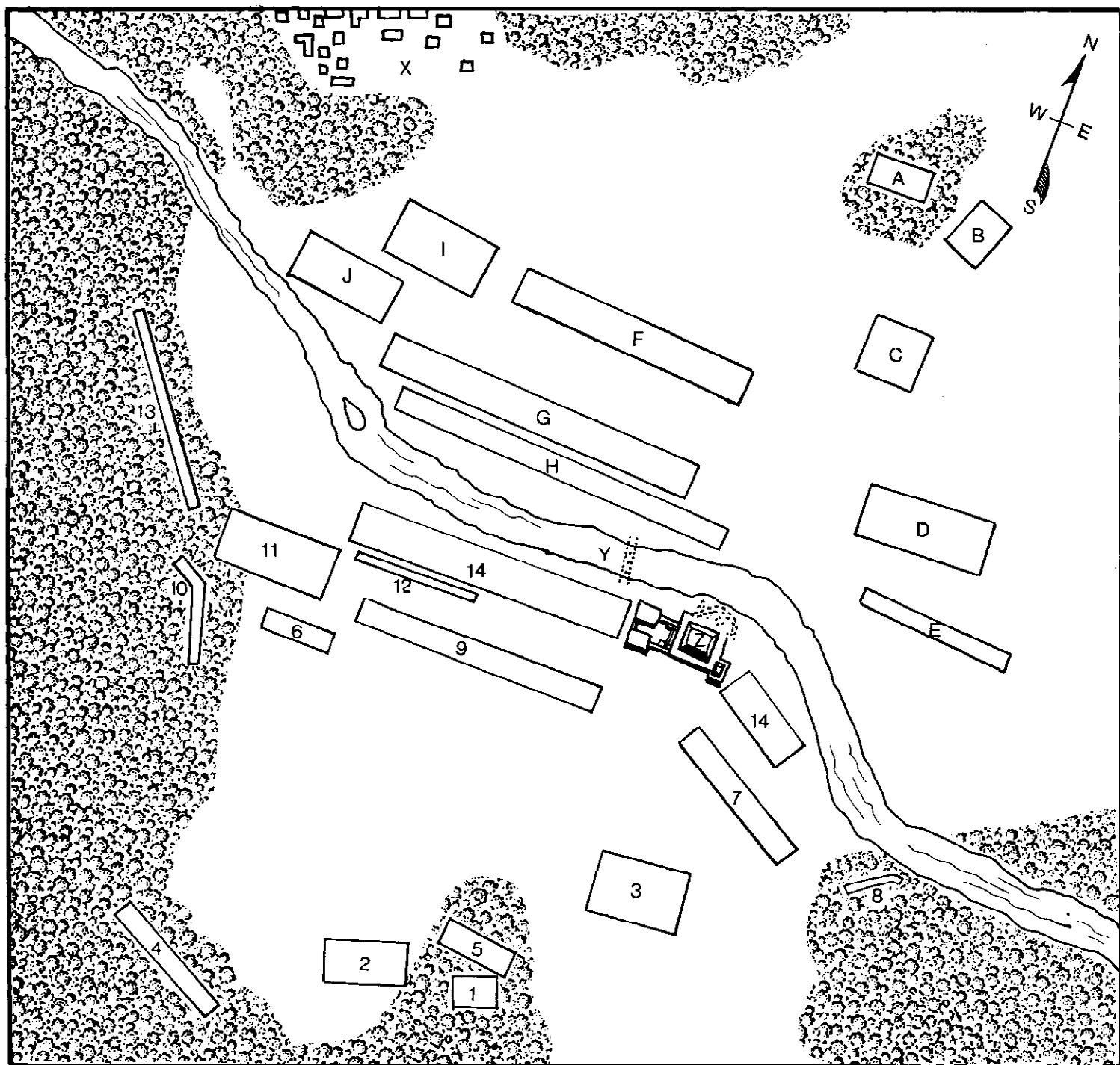
As we learned then, our right flank had also won the day, although the heroic Shen had been slain to the last one. Our Pe Choi reserves had been brought up on the right to engage the remnants of the enemy Pe Choi legion. The Shen mercenaries of the Mu'ugalavyani had in turn charged these, but by this time my own units (with the help of the

Ahoggya) had broken through in the centre. The enemy general and his priests were fled away, although some were seized by our most advanced units, and these lay now in bonds before General Tukolen. The artillermen were dismantling their engines, and as we stood there, two came forward bearing a mighty ballista bolt upon which two Mu'ugalavyani officers hung spitted like Hmellu (A common meat animal, about the size of a sheep — *Translator*). To these men General Tukolen gave bracelets from his own wrists.

At length I saw our commander, Firussu, returning across the field, hung about like a merchant's pole with strings of Mu'ugalavyani hands. When he saw me, he came to me and kissed me upon the brow and took me straight to the General. He praised me much and made me ashamed for having fallen senseless upon the field, but the General took no notice of that but instead rewarded me with an amulet which hung about his neck. This I have before me unto this day. Afterwards I received promotion to the rank of Molkar, and I joined in the rallying of our troops, the pursuit of the enemy, and the joyous sacrifices of victory. All of these things I did upon the field at the Temple of Chanis."

Here ends that section of Chaeyan's memoirs dealing with this famous engagement. The Tsolyani subsequently went on to disrupt the Mu'ugalavyani supply lines between Katalal and Bey Sy, and the siege was broken off. The Mu'ugalavyani retreated in good order through the centre of Tsolyanu, losing one more great battle at a place near Tumissa. This victory gave the Tsolyani the Protectorates of Pan Chaka and Do Chaka, which they still administer, much to the bitter jealousy of Mu'ugalavya. Chaeyan himself took little further part in the war, having fallen ill from his wound at the Battle of the Temple of Chanis, and spent much of the following year marshalling troops and supplies for his Legion from Katalal. He did see further action as a senior officer at the Chaka Uprisings of 2,045, however, where he again distinguished himself.

It appears that the cause of the Mu'ugalavyani loss at the Temple of Chanis was mainly their poor choice of a field which was too narrow to allow them to use their superior numbers properly. Missile fire on both sides was more or less neutralized by magic, and the Hlaka aerial battle really did little to help the military victory, although it certainly did raise



the Tsolyani morale. Magic also helped the Tsolyani but could easily have gone either way, since both sides had fairly equal numbers and levels of magic-users. Had General Buruchenish ordered things differently and faced the Legion of Red Devastation and the Ahoggya with true heavy infantry instead of the valorous but poorly disciplined N'lyss, the results might have been different. Neither Tsolyani flank could be turned, due to the presence of rough terrain and open forest, but the Mu'ugalavyani made rather mediocre use of their large number of archers and their heavy infantry. But, to quote a Shen proverb, "An egg unhatched is not a Shen . . ."

Key to the Map of the Battle of the Temple of Chanis

To the North: The Forces of Mu'ugalavya:

- A. Command post of General Hekku'u Buruchenish, together with his staff, priests, and sorcerers.
- B. 500 Hlaka of the XVth Legion of the First Palace: "Slay on High." Armed with light javelins. This Legion is now no longer active.
- C. 500 Shen of Legion IX of the Third Palace: "Iridescent Egg." Heavy Shen infantry armed with swords, shields, poleaxes, and a few light Shen crossbows.
- D. 1,000 Pe Choi of Legion XII of the First Palace: "Mandibles of Iron." Medium infantry armed in half-plate, long swords, slender javelins.
- E. 500 Pe Choi of the same Legion as D. These fought throughout as a separate sub-unit.
- F. 3,000 heavy infantry of Legion I of the Second Palace: "Destroy in Glory." About half armoured in steel, the rest in Chlen-hide. Heavy plate armour, long swords or two-handed axes, large oval shields, some composite bows.
- G. 5,000 heavy infantry of Legion I of the First Palace: "Victorious in Vimuhla." Armed all in steel, with "cookpot" helmets, small targes strapped to the arm, long barbed pikes, and slender straight swords.
- H. 2,500 light archers of Legion VIII of the First Palace: "Long Arrow." Leather tunics with Chlen-hide skullcaps, longbows, and clubs.
- I. 1,000 medium infantry of Legion IV of the First Palace: "Strike!" Armoured in light Chlen-hide, "cookpot" helmets, medium-sized round shields, short stabbing spears, curved or straight swords.
- J. 1,000 light infantry of Legion XIII of the First Palace: "The Band of Hlkeksh" (now called "the Band of Grdra"). N'lyss barbarians, with little or no armour, large shields, and great two-handed swords.

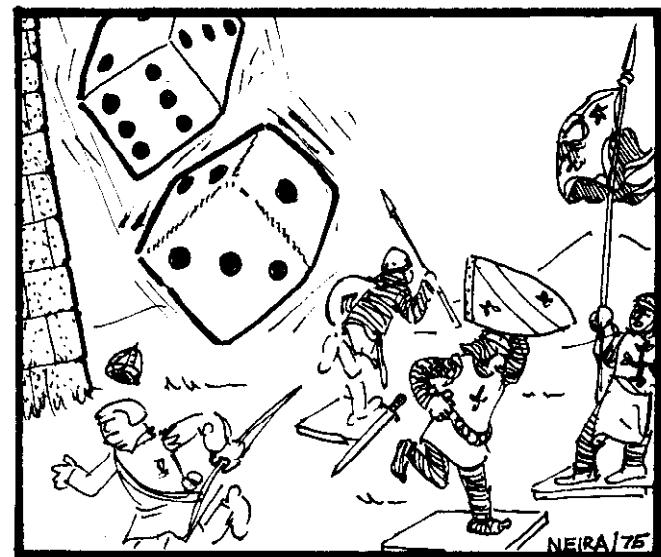
To the South: the Army of Imperial Tsolyanu:

1. Command post of General Tukolen hiMirkitani, together with his staff, priests, and sorcerers.
2. 900 heavy infantry of the Legion of Hnalla, Master of Light. Armoured in a mixture of steel and Chlen-hide, halberds, swords, and oblong shields. This is now the 4th Imperial Heavy Infantry Legion.
3. 1,000 Pe Choi of the Legion of Tik-nekw-ket, First Imperial Pe Choi Auxiliary Legion. Classed as medium infantry, half-armoured, bearing long slender spears, swords, small composite bows, light to medium shields.
4. 900 Hlaka of the Legion of Aerial Joy, 9th Imperial Hlaka Auxiliary Squadron. Light infantry flyers armed only with javelins and light swords.
5. Squadron of medium ballistae of the Legion of Mengano the Jakallan (in those days called after Mengano's illustrious ancestor, Krshumu), 12th Imperial Artillery. Records show about 30 engines in this sub-unit. The crews wear light armour and carry medium-length chopping swords, and some carry medium shields to deflect missiles.
6. 600 Ahoggya of the Legion of Guruggma, 3rd Imperial Ahoggya Auxiliary Legion. These are extra-heavy infantry, armed with several thick spears, small shields. (Since the Reorganization of 2,133 A.S. this Legion has carried large shields and two large swords, as well as their traditional javelins.)
7. 1,000 Shen of the Legion of the Splendour of Shenyu, 4th Imperial Shen Auxiliary Legion. These are heavy infantry armed with typical Shen chopping swords, large shields, and some heavy

halberds. Some also carry the little Shen crossbow.

8. Squadron of medium ballistae; cf. (5) above. There were about 20 machines in this group.
9. 2,000 heavy infantry of the Legion of Mirkitani, Hero of Victories, 7th Imperial Heavy Infantry. These are fully armoured troops, and they bear long pikes, swords, small shields, and some cohorts also carry small composite bows. This is the Legion to which Chaeyan Tikkumeshmra belonged.
10. Squadron of light and medium ballistae; cf. (5) above. There were some 20 light engines and 25 larger ones in this group.
11. 2,000 medium infantry of the Legion of the Lord of Red Devastation, Lord Vimuhla, God of Fire, 18th Medium Infantry. These troops are classed as fanatics. They wear half-armour and carry two-handed swords and small shields (which are discarded when melee is joined).
12. 400 light archers of the Legion of Girikteshu, 23rd Imperial Archers. These troops have only light armour and carry composite bows, small shields, and short battleaxes.
13. 1,000 light slingers of the Legion of the Joyful Clan of Noble Vrayani, 3rd Imperial Slingers. These men have slings, small large shields, maces or short swords, and some wear light Chlen-hide or leather armour in the style of the islanders of Vra.
14. A rabble of approximately 3,000 light troops drawn from the peasant villages of the south and of the adjacent regions. Chaeyan and some of his colleagues later estimated about 6,000 of these light troops, but this figure seems exaggerated. General Tukolen's battle report to Avanthar gives 3,000, and this is the figure chosen here. These men had little or no armour and carried only scythes, rakes, sharpened sticks, and a few swords.
- X. The village of Firshtel.
- Y. The Koshtla River. A destroyed wooden footbridge is marked just to the northwest of the Temple of Chanis.
- Z. The ruins of the Temple of Chanis, a shrine once devoted to Sarku but later abandoned during the Time of Troubles after the decline of the Engsvan hla Ganga Empire.

As a final note it may be stated that the Tsolyani priestly and magical contingent consisted of 237 persons, under the supreme leadership of Lord High Prelate Chiguresha, High Priest of Ksarul at Jakalla. Some 54 of these were slain by enemy magic or sheer exhaustion during the battle. The records of the Mu'ugalavyani show that their priestly and magical force was composed of nearly 300 persons, led by the Exalted Preceptor Hu'umaynish Dilsha of Ssa'atis, Chief Priest of Lord Hrsh there. Although the Mu'ugalavyani contingent outnumbered that of the Tsolyani, these two groups were roughly equal in rank and level status. After the battle the Tsolyani counted 136 slain Mu'ugalavyani priests and sorcerers, and 22 were taken captive and later sacrificed. Hu'umaynish himself escaped and lived to an advanced age after the war in Ssa'atis.



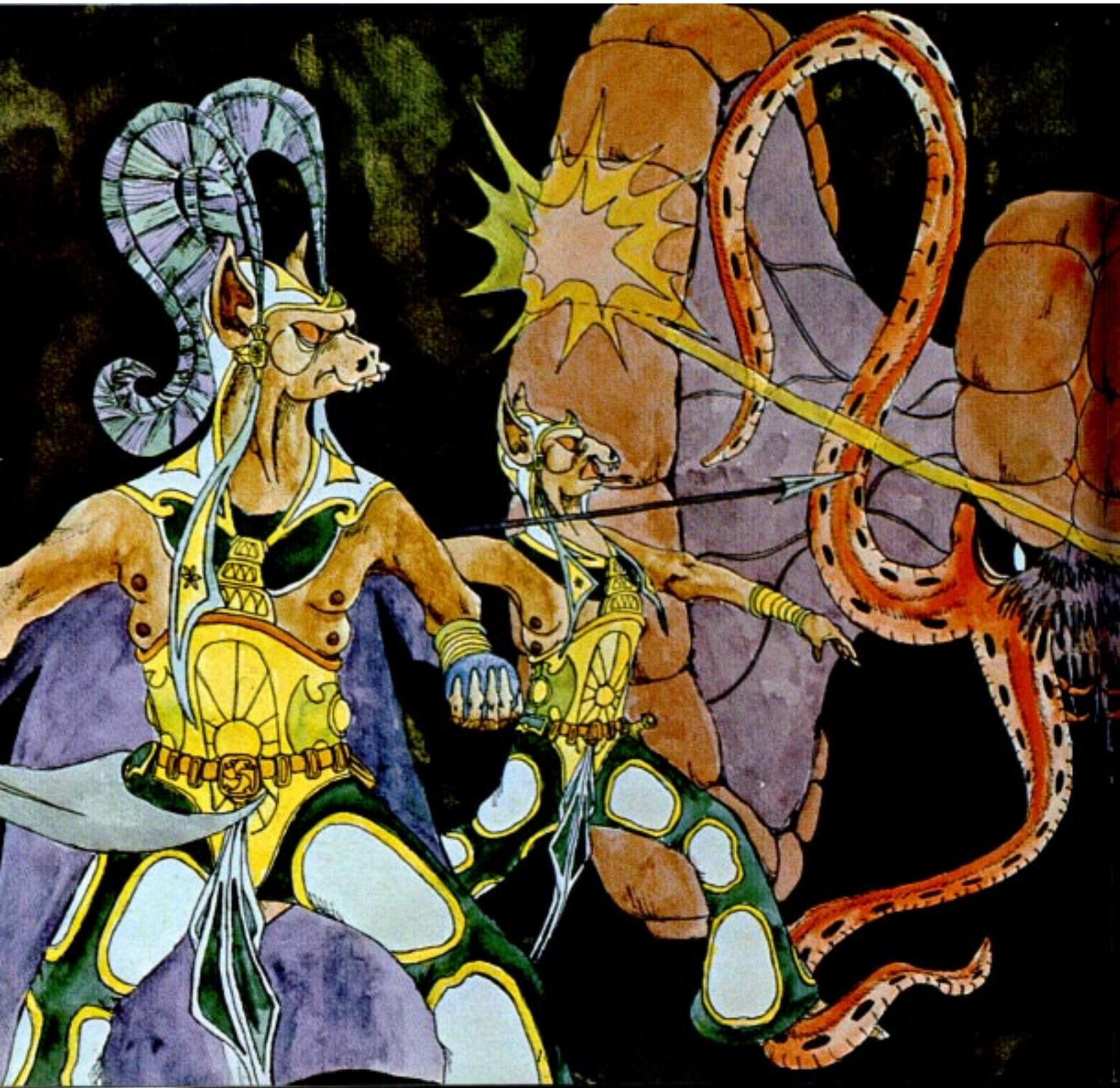
HEY !!!??

CREATURE FEATURES

THE MIHALLI:

NA 1-20	T	F: 50
AC 1	L	40: 80-800 (near own territory)
M 15"	T in L	I: 50
HD 3		

The Mihalli are an ancient nonhuman race which came with humanity to Tekumel — but not with humanity's knowledge or blessings! When the planet was cut off from interstellar humanspace, the Mihalli, who had set up a small spy post beneath the planet's surface, were cut off as well and could not return to their original world. As human technology declined, the Mihalli increased and developed their powers. At last there was a final armageddon between the much more numerous human forces and the Mihalli, and this ended with the destruction of the latter's home areas with nuclear fission bombs. With most of the Mihalli area a mass of glass-like slag, the race was assumed to be dead. Humanity continued down along the road to barbarism, and only a few final automatic safeguards against Mihalli resurgence were left. These have lasted through the long, slow decay of human technology



until the present. Now, however, a very few Mihalli have appeared, the most prominent being the chief minister of Yan Kor, the devious Lord Fu Hsi — who may or may not be an actual Mihalli. More have been seen in connection with the iniquitous ring of Zu'ur drug smugglers, possibly in alliance with Yan Kor or possibly working with the terrible Hlyss. It is thus possible to meet one or more small Mihalli parties in the deeper underworld labyrinths, where they seek useful bits of ancient technology, or in remote deserted cities, etc. Their original homeland lies off the maps to the northeast of Tsolyanu, east of the strange little human principality of Chayakku. It is still almost entirely composed of slagged ruins, uninhabitable by man, without food or drinkable water and hence very hard to penetrate (except possibly by certain of the un-

derground subways — which might take the players into a veritable nest of them!).

The Mihalli are humanoid in form, hermaphroditic, able to see in the dark. Their skins range from dull green to a rich coppery brown — lower class Mihalli being of the former colour and higher level Mihalli of the latter. They are shape-changers and can adopt the form of any human they wish. The only drawback to this is that their opalescent red eyes can at times (20% each turn looked at) be seen even through their disguises. They are marvellous magic users: each one will have a minimum of two bonus spells, and the higher levels (IV-up) will have 3 or more. They each also have a 40% chance of one or more Eyes, amulets, or scrolls. Their favourite magical weapon is the Ball of Immediate Eventuation, which can fire like an energy bolt, build up a defense shield against all nonmagical projectiles, cause them to become invisible, or create a cloud of gas poisonous to all human and nonhuman species except the Shen and the Ssu. This weapon comes in various strengths, represented by its colour: the weakest one is light purple, then bright silver, then bright gold, then lambent, translucent blue.

The main problem with the Mihalli is really not their magic or their powers, but rather the fact that their motives and attitudes are totally incomprehensible to mankind. They behave in ways which can only appear random to humans, since the Mihalli seems to function simultaneously in this dimension and in others as well. They may appear neutral (only rarely — 5% chance — friendly) on one turn and become the opposite the next. Their objectives hardly ever seem the same twice. Their Balls of Immediate Eventuation are usable only by magic users or priests of Levels XIV-up, and will instantly scramble the brains of anyone below these levels trying to use them. They will always defend if attacked, and will only rarely (1% chance) offer a magical item to a human party. A random dice roll is thus necessary each turn to determine what the Mihalli will do.

THE VRIYAGGA:

NA 1-10	T	nil
AC 1	L	40: 20-200 (in own city)
M 12/10/8	T in L	nil
HD 10/15/25		

In the oldest extant book, the *Chronicles of Llyan of Tsamra*, there is mention of a semi-legendary race which dwells in a city on an island in the "farthest reaches of the sea"; this race is described as being giant Ghar who ride upon vehicles, and it is called the Vriyagga. Probably the author was referring to the terrible inhabitants of the City of the Red-Tiled Roofs, the original name of which is lost in the mists of history.

The City of the Red-Tiled Roofs can only be reached through the subterranean transport system which still exists under many parts of Tekumel. It is a city of great, empty buildings, vasty halls, and intricate architecture, all empty of any life and also lacking in any signs of the reasons for its desertion long ago. Ewers and utensils still sit on the crumbled tables, furniture long rotted away to fragile dust still lines the hallways, chests of incomprehensible objects are still stored in its wealthy storerooms — and there are no signs of any inhabitants. Only the Vriyagga now patrol its marble streets.

The Vriyagga is a creature to strike terror into the most heroic breast: a huge pair of wheel-like appendages revolve around central axes like the treads of a tank, powered by gnarled and knotted cores of muscle-fiber. A great central braincase hangs between these, and from the lower part of the parody of a face there depend four (or more in larger specimens) great tentacles covered with powerful suckers. The mouth is lined with poison-dripping purple feelers, which can also serve to kill and ingest its victims. The ebon eyes are like great black opals, drinking in all available light and allowing the Vriyagga to see in the dark. This terrible creature has considerable intelligence and can think, organize, call up its fellows, and lay ambushes, although it cannot speak. It is limited, of course, in that it can only reach into areas where its great treaded wheels will carry it. Thus, it cannot climb stairs or do more than reach into smaller rooms (even this is dangerous, since it senses heat and can thus grope about until it catches someone. Its tentacles are very tough (armor class 2 to sever), and they do 2/4/6 dice of damage per turn to a victim caught in their toils, depending upon the size of the Vriyagga. The larger specimens move slower than the younger and smaller ones, of



Continued on Page 21

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WE DON'T MAKE THE MOST.....WE MAKE THE BEST!

MISCELLANEOUS TREASURE, MAGIC, WEAPONS, ARTIFACTS AND MONSTERS

— ADDITIONS, DELETIONS, OMISSIONS, CORRECTIONS, CHANGES, VARIATIONS AND OTHERWISE CONFUSING ALTERATIONS (with special thanks to Wesley D. Ives for initial investigation and information — Strategic Review, Vol. 1, No. 3, p. 3)

by Gary Jaquet

MONSTERS:
Creeping Crud

Found in all D&D playing areas. Resembles cigarette butts, crushed Fritos, spilled Dr. Pepper, sweat from players' foreheads and referee's dice rolling arm, pencil shavings and old character cards. Can cause extensive damage as a result of wrath incurred from janitors, mothers and wives. Minute lice which breed in and inhabit dice pips. The added weight of the dice lice in the pips of the dice will cause seemingly impossible dice rolls (usually in referee's favor).

Dice Lice

POTIONS:
C2H5OH

This potion, known by a variety of names, such as Wild Turkey, Seagram's and even Pabst Blue Ribbon, is a valuable item (in some cases, up to \$10.00/fifth). Caution must be exercised when imbibing in these potions as over-indulgence will cause them to become potions of delusion. Over-indulgence will require administration of a 6th level "hair of the dog that bit you" spell from a magic user or a "cure hangover" spell from a cleric.

RINGS:
Ring of Wedding

Referred to in ancient texts as the "Band of Gold," the ring of wedding is found on the third finger of the left hand of weregamers. Forged only in matching pairs, the ring of wedding creates a bond of telepathy between the pair wearing them. Thus sharing a potion of "Wild Turkey" with a weregamer who wields a ring of wedding will have a 90% chance of being known by the wearer of the matching ring. It is advisable for the ring-wearing male weregamer who practices such a ceremony with a female weregamer to make friends with a cleric who has a "cure heavy wounds" spell.

SPELLS:
1st level—
Detect BS

May (and should) be used at all times. Makes little difference, though, as all weregamers will BS at all times anyway.

2nd level—
Spell of
(expletive deleted)

Used by Umpyrs in extreme circumstances to quell repartees between Drolls, Hobnoblins, Grifferees and themselves. Use causes red faces, and if continued, shock.

Amnesia

Applied to self, this spell conveniently allows the user to forget such minor details as: having already used a spell, accumulated hit point damage, and the like. Used only in desperation circumstances or simply to aggravate the referee. Automatically applied to self after several successful, but lucky triumphs against high odds. Leads to lack of caution, delusions of grandeur and a trip to the river in a cement overcoat.

3rd level —
Kill with Kindness
7th level —
Magic Missile
(Mark I)
8th level —
Magic Missile
(Mark II)
9th level —
Magic Missile
(Mark III)
10th level —
Armageddon

Used by referees: "I don't see what you're complaining about — it's only a 97 point balrog."

Smith and Wesson .357 Magnum

U.S. Army regulation M-16

Government surplus Nike-Zeus missile

A blast of pure energy delivering 10^{21} (1,000,000,000,000,000,000) points of damage. Destroys the world. No saving throw. Game over.

WEAPONS:

Breath of
Death

Bi-labial
Fricative

Used by weregamers who persist in eating polish sausage and sauerkraut on garlic bread sandwiches while playing D&D. No saving throw (other than out the window).

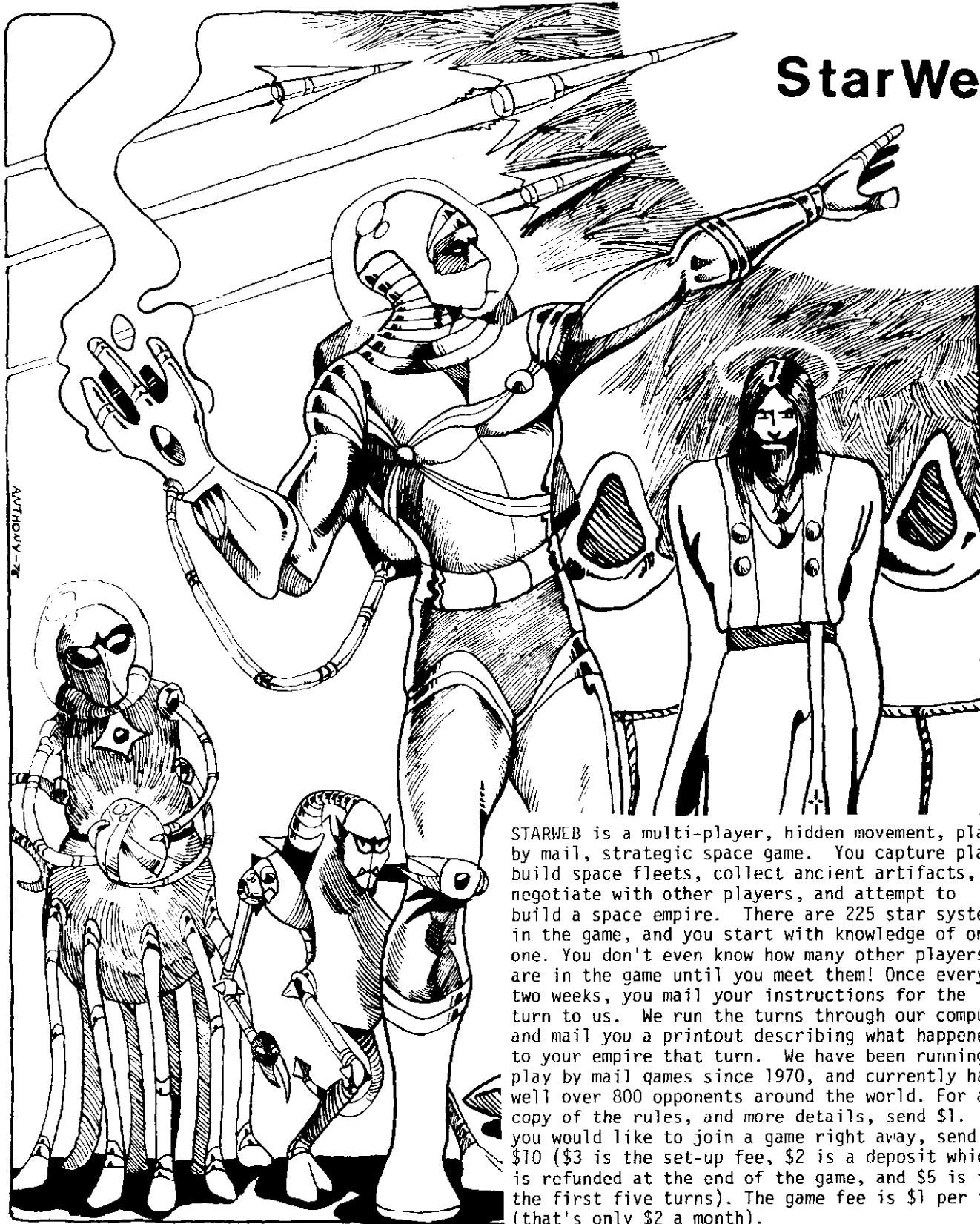
Look it up. (Hint: sometimes employed instead of Breath of Death, but transcends several Geneva Convention rules pertaining to gas warfare.)



VRIYAGGA . . . from page 19

course, but the former are more intelligent and have tentacles sometimes capable of snaking their way up into a second storey room!

The origins of the Vriyagga are uncertain. There are no records, and thus it can only be theorized that these creatures were brought as zoological specimens from some distant world during the early period of humanity's technological greatness. They appear to live on the Qu'un — another species found on the shores of the island upon which this ancient and mysterious city is located. These are pallid, semi-transparent shrimp-like creatures who automatically attack human parties trying to obtain water (the water supply system of the old city has become useless, and there are no visible wells). The Vriyagga prefer juicier humans to the rather tasteless blandness of a Zu'un, however, and once discovered, a human party had best plan to remain high up in the crumbling, ruined buildings, out of the long tentacles' reach! [The Qu'un are 2 HD creatures, moving at 10" per turn, 50-100 appearing; armour class 3, with no treasure — except under the water in their sea-grotto homes.]



StarWeb

STARWEB is a multi-player, hidden movement, play by mail, strategic space game. You capture planets, build space fleets, collect ancient artifacts, negotiate with other players, and attempt to build a space empire. There are 225 star systems in the game, and you start with knowledge of only one. You don't even know how many other players are in the game until you meet them! Once every two weeks, you mail your instructions for the turn to us. We run the turns through our computer, and mail you a printout describing what happened to your empire that turn. We have been running play by mail games since 1970, and currently have well over 800 opponents around the world. For a copy of the rules, and more details, send \$1. If you would like to join a game right away, send us \$10 (\$3 is the set-up fee, \$2 is a deposit which is refunded at the end of the game, and \$5 is for the first five turns). The game fee is \$1 per turn (that's only \$2 a month).

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Address _____ Signature: _____

Roads from Jakalla

by Jerry Westergaard

As the setting sun glistened on the rooftops and towers of the ancient city of Jaka'lla, the clamor of argument could be heard from a tavern in the foreigner's quarter.

"I tell you we should not get involved with politics," a short man wearing the robes of the god Kete'ngku said, "at least until we've heard someone else's offer."

"That is the best offer we are going to get anytime soon, Lo'ghau, and besides, I am running short on cash," said Nge'z an acolyte in the service of the god Thu'mis. "We might as well go with him and find out what he wants."

"B-But what if it is a trap," the magician U'che said, remembering the ceremonial sacrifices of the TLOKIRIQALULAL, the 'five evil gods.'

"Both I and Haidhioy will be able to take care of anything that comes in our way," Ishuhlais said, slapping his fellow warrior on the back. Haidhioy simply grinned sheepishly and said nothing. He was recalling the facts and events that brought the five to this tavern: the coming ashore at Jakalla, the meeting of a mysterious officer of the army, and his offer to return with him to his home with the promise of great rewards.

At just that moment, a man dressed in decorative armor of azure blue, stepped up and introduced himself as Obu, cohort commander of the legion of Serqu, Sword of the Empire.

"I take it you have been considering my offer, gentlemen?" he inquired.

Ngez said, "Due to our present lack of funds, we are forced to take you up on your proposition."

"Good, you will receive supplies and arms from my legion's armory tomorrow and leave the day after," Obu added. "Speak to no one about either our bargain or even of my visit. Understand?"

"C-Clearly," said Uche, cringing from the icy stare from Loghau. As the officer left the smoke filled tavern, Uche asked, "Why did you look at me like that?"

"Because you talk too much," Loghau snapped. "He was starting to have second thoughts about choosing us for the job."

"And you have too short a temper, Loghau," Ishuhlais said. "Now let us have another ale before we sleep."

Early the next morning, a soldier clad in blue appeared and said, "My name is Quual. I am here to escort you around the city, and to outfit you with weapons and food for your trip." And with saying that proceeded to show them the temples and shops of Jakalla.

"Suddenly, another man clad in blue, ran up and gave Quual a message. His face looked grim as he said, "Sirs, we must hurry and ready ourselves for the trip before it discovers us and our purpose." And after saying that, made ready to leave Jakalla.

After the six men were a mile or two out of Jakalla, they met Obu, who had been waiting at a roadside tavern for them with the other fifteen men of his bodyguard.

"Good work Quall," the cohort commander said, admiring the men's disguises. "The warriors look like men of my bodyguard, and the priest and magicians look like traveling companions. We will leave now. The enemy still believes us to be in Jakalla, but will soon realize we are not there."

"Shall we take the north road, sir?" Quual asked.

"No, the road to Bey Sy will be too closely watched," Obu said. "We will take the road to the east."

They then left the tavern and started on the SAKBE road heading east. As they walked along the highway Ishuhlais asked, "Quual, where are we going to?"

"To Fasiltum," he replied. "The enemy believes us to be going to Bey Sy, the center of our power. But instead we go to Fasiltum, their own stronghold."

Ngez, overhearing the conversation, said, "If that be the case, then we must indeed be careful. The Priestly Party is very powerful."

"The P-P-Priestly Party!" Uche exclaimed, panic stricken, "W-We are all going to be k-killed. I-It's a t-t-trap."

"Quiet, SHATUN," Quual snapped at the frightened magician. "The enemy is strong, but we are stronger. Smarter too, if they do not suspect us going to Fasiltum. So fear not, our only purpose is to protect you."

"Besides, Haliday and I are available as a last resort for your protection," Ishuhlais boasted.

"Very last resort," Quual said wryly.

And with that, they walked on, day after day, mile after mile. Gradually, after a period of many miles and several weeks, the road slowly curved northward. Off to the west, the travelers could see desert dunes being whipped about by dry, powerful winds.

"There you see The Desert of Eyagi," Obu said to Loghau. "A lifeless stretch of land, with nothing but sand and wind. The bones of many foolish travelers lie in that dust."

"Must we travel through that to reach Fasiltum?" Loghau asked.

The cohort commander replied, "Yes, but the SAKBE road makes the crossing of little consequence," he added, "if one stays on the road."

Immediately the road curved to the west, leading them directly into the desert. The towering SAKBE road now became a lifesaver, protecting them from the high winds and abrasive dust. After several days of travel, Obu ordered the group to stop.

"This is the city of Fasiltum," he said. It was beautiful, with splendid towers piercing the sky. "That one is the tower of the temple of Vimhula," he said, pointing to the largest; a giant red tower stretching almost five hundred feet into the air.

As they entered the city, the blue-clad officer led the group to what he called the Governor's Palace. Onward, through richly adorned halls, and tapestried rooms they followed the commander. He continued until they reached a pair of massive doors, intricately carved, at the sides of which stood two guards.

While the giant doors were being pushed open, the group could see a bearded man, very old, sitting on a throne in the middle of the room. They walked in slowly and the foreigners bowed to the figure when they saw the soldiers doing likewise.

"I have completed my mission, lord," Obu said, pointing to the five strangers. "Here are the men you requested me to return with."

"Good work, Obu. You will be amply rewarded," the old man said, "You may leave now; I wish to be alone with the strangers."

After the soldiers marched out, the old man said, "Hello, my name is Dhoiro. I am the governor of Fasiltum. The reason you were brought here is both secret and dangerous," his voice lowering as he spoke. "My spies have discovered that the Priestly Party is trying, by way of intrigue, to have the Emperor kill Kettukal. Kettukal is the greatest general in the history of the Empire of Tsolyanu, and the Priestly Party is jealous of his high esteem with both the Emperor and the common people."

"What would you have us do?" asked Loghau.

"We want in our possession a book of magical properties. My party wants you, along with twenty men as guards, to carry this book to Avanthal, the residence of the Emperor, to present it to him as a gift from Kettukal." He added, "But the book was . . . borrowed, sort of, from the temple of Vimhula, located in this city. That is another reason the Priestly Party wants to stop us at all costs."

"I-It sounds very dangerous. W-What will h-happen if w-w-we r-r-refuse?"

"If you decide not to go," Dhoiro said, "You will be used as archery targets by my legion. Then you will be impaled, as is customary." Uche turned a shade of ashen grey.

"Since we seem to have little choice, how much is our fee? After all, a job like this is not cheap," Ngez asked.

"You will be paid five hundred gold KATARS each in advance, with one thousand upon return," the governor said.

The five men went into a huddle in a corner of the room. "We have decided," Ishuhlais said, "to accept your proposition. It will be an honor serving you."

"Very well, you will be able to rest for several days at my home here before setting out," Dhoiro said, "then you will leave with an escort of twenty men, bound for Avanthal."

The next few days were quite uneventful. Ngez the priest prayed and worshipped at the shrine erected to the god Thumis. The two magic-users, Loghau and Uche, studied and practiced the few spells they knew. Ishuhlais, on the other hand, took Haidhoy to visit all the bars and taverns in Fasiltum. In the midst of their drinking, a blue uniformed soldier walked up.

"I have been looking for both of you," he said. They turned around and saw Quual. He continued, "I was sent to locate you and bring you back to the Governor's Palace. Due to the successful mission I was promoted to Captain, and command of twenty men. I volunteered to be your escort and guide." He then led the half-drunken warriors back to the palace.

The waking sun had just risen when the party set out from Fasiltum. Quual decided the SAKBE roads were too dangerous to use for fear of spies. So he led them directly through the Desert of Eyagi.

"Is not traveling through the desert dangerous?" asked Loghau, remembering the facts cohort commander Obu told him about it.

"Yes, but it is only a three day walk through this side of the desert, and we have two months of food and drink," the new Captain said.

And so they went on. Several days later, after getting lost many times, the group of twenty-six did leave the desert behind them. As they walked on towards Avanthal, a mood of anxiety grew around them. At first it was hardly perceptible, but slowly it grew; until it seemed that it could be felt in the air.

Then it happened. The party had been walking in the grasslands skirting the Bey Trantis Mountains about two hundred miles from Avanthal when tragedy struck. A rustle of wings beating on air was heard. They turned and were surprised by twenty of the dreaded Gerednya swooping down upon them.

"Gerednya!" Quual shouted, fear in his eyes. The creatures were greenish-grey, from eight to thirteen feet in length, had large batlike wings and a stinger in each of their tails. Their name struck fear in all who heard it.

They were upon the men in an instant; biting with their razor sharp mandibles and jabbing with their tails. The men had no chance to escape the onslaught.

The soldiers fought bravely; but slowly, one by one, they fell and were killed by the wretched creatures. After several minutes of melee, Quual shouted the order to retreat and then died himself, as a result of numerous wounds.

Three figures could be seen running away from the battle, towards the mountains. Once safely there, Uche, Ishuhlais, and Ngez rested themselves under a great tree. There they lay for three days, doing nothing but eating, sleeping, and healing their wounds.

The warrior, priest, and magician had to make an important decision: whether to go onward or to return.

They decided to vote. Ishuhlais voted to continue. Uche managed to stutter a vote to return.

Ngez, the wisest of three, said, "Our present situation is thus: without a bodyguard or guide our chances of reaching are almost nil. On the other hand, if we are able to return and give the book back to Dhoiro, who can guarantee that we will not be made into archery targets? After all, we did lose twenty of Fasiltum's best troops.

"We also have a third choice. We could go neither to Avanthal nor Fasiltum but instead to the Priestly Party and return the book to them. That would earn us the undying devotion of the priests, and the undying hatred of the Military Party.

"I have therefore decided to bring the book back with me to Fasiltum and return it to the governor of the city. It is the lesser of the three evils."

And so the remaining three started back for the city of the Red Tower. While they were again crossing the Desert of Eyagi, Uche the magician spied two dark figures lying in the sand. As they approached, the shapes were identified as insect-like, about seven feet in length, with fan shaped appendages on either side of the head. They were lying unconscious in the burning sand.

Ngez bent down and gave both the creatures a drink from his water flask. Slowly but surely each returned to consciousness. After about half an hour one of the being was able to speak.

"Who are you? it asked in a muted whisper.

"My name is Ngez. These are my companions Ishuhlais," he said, pointing to the warrior. "And Uche," he said, pointing to the trembling magician.

"I am of a race of beings humans call Pei Choi. My title is unpronounceable by humans," the creature said, "but it has an approximate translation of 'Greenbough'. My friend's name is 'Bluesky'. We were making a pilgrimage from our home in Do Chaka to Fasiltum, but we were waylaid by a group of bandits and narrowly escaped with our lives. We then lost sight of the road, and wandered aimlessly for two sunrises. With our strength at last gone, we laid here to die. Then you arrived and aided us. We are in your debt."

After the two Pei Choi were recuperated enough to join the trio, the party set out once more for Fasiltum. Two days later they arrived at the city, and proceeded to the Governor's Palace to tell Dhoiro the news of their failure. Once inside, they were quickly escorted to the throne room.

Dhoiro looked grim as Ngez completed the tale of the attack of the Gerednya and their return. When the tale ended, the old man said, "Yesterday, news reached me that our plan to present the Emperor with the book had been discovered by the Priestly Party. I had at first thought that it was you who gave the information. But now I find that was not the case. For your diligent efforts I am paying you five hundred KATARS each, and bid you be on your way to Jakalla with the wish that should you ever pass again into Fasiltum needing help, then I am at your disposal."

The three men and two Pei Choi were then escorted to their quarters in the palace. Once inside, Ishuhlais said to Ngez, "I believe we made a good decision to return. We were indeed lucky."

Ngez replied, "Luck had nothing to do with it. It was the will of the gods."

Greenbough interrupted, "I believe it was a slight amount of both. For both Bluesky and myself have decided to accompany you back to Jakalla. We feel it is small payment for the saving of our lives."

Bright and early the next morning the party set out from Fasiltum. They took as their return route the road they had first come to the city of the Red Tower on.

After several days on the road, the five beings met four doughy creatures that had eight limbs. As they approached,

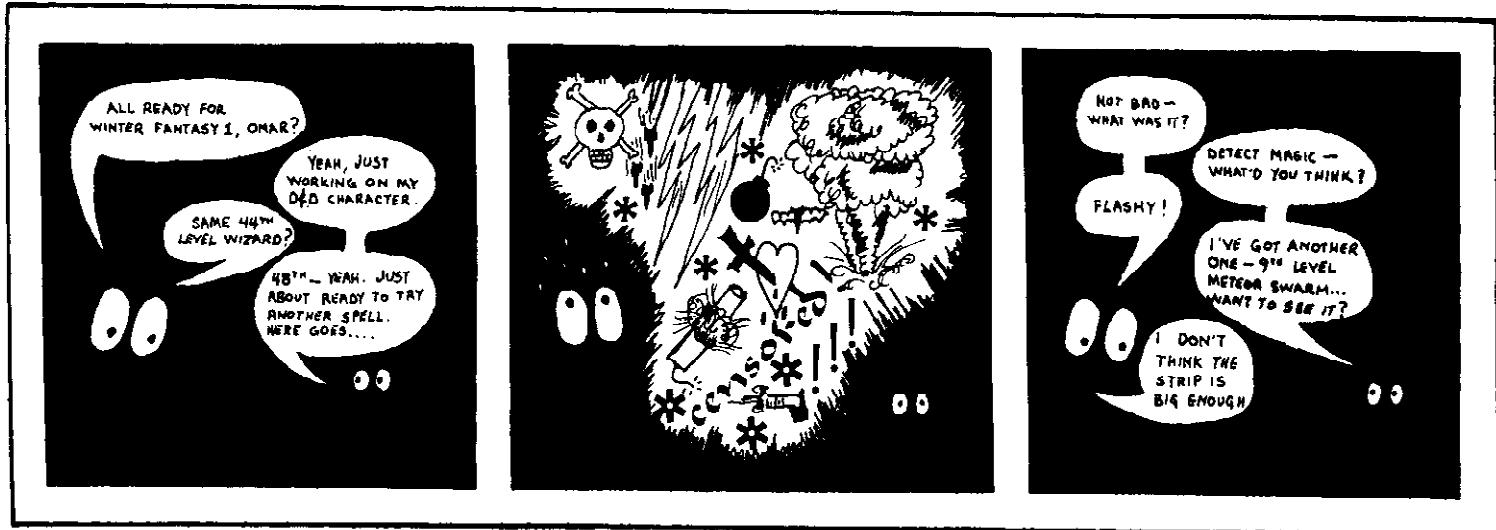
Greenbough identified them as Pachi Lei, who normally dwell in the forests west of the Empire.

Bluesky, who knew the protocol of the race, greeted the Pachi Lei, and told them the tale of their journey. The Pachi Lei were unusually moved, and gave the party each a gem of great value.

After the proper farewells each party went its separate way, the humans and Pei Choi ending far richer than they started.

DIRT

by jake



THE PAST, THROUGH TOMORROW

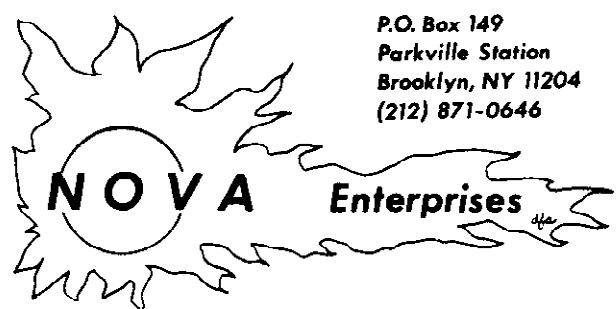
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inter-player instructional memo
to: all D&D participants
from: department of definition
subject: magic-user character definement
(supercedes all previous directives)

22nd Level Wizard:

Leaps tall buildings in a single bound.
Is more powerful than a speeding locomotive
Is faster than a speeding bullet.
Walks on water.
Gives policy to God

14th Level Wizard:

Leaps short buildings in a single bound
Is more powerful than a switch locomotive
Is just as fast as a speeding bullet
Walks on water if the sea is calm
Talks with God

Wizard:

Leaps short buildings with a running start and good winds
Is almost as powerful as a switch locomotive
Is faster than a speeding BB
Walks on water in an indoor swimming pool
Talks with God if special request is approved

Sorcerer:

Rarely clears a Quonset hut
Loses tug of war with a locomotive
Can fire a speeding bullet
Swims well
Is occasionally addressed by God

Enchanter:

Makes high marks on walls when trying to leap buildings
Is run over by locomotives
Can sometimes handle gun without inflicting self injury
Dog paddles
Talks to animals

Conjurer:

Runs into buildings
Recognizes locomotives two out of three times
Is not issued ammunition
Can stay afloat with a life jacket
Talks to walls

Medium:

Falls over doorstep when trying to enter buildings
Says, "Look at the choo-choo."
Wets himself with waterpistol
Plays in mud puddles
Mumbles to himself

The Referee:

Lifts buildings and walks under them
Kicks locomotives off the track
Catches bullets in his teeth and eats them
Freezes water with a single glance
He is God

Ground Zero



What: Southeast Wargaming Convention
Where: Jacksonville, Florida
When: Feb. 19 & 20, 1977
Why: Competition; social event; idea exchange
Who: Cowford Dragoons
5333 Santa Monica Blvd.
Jacksonville, FL 32207
How much: \$5 now/\$10 later

MAPPING THE DUNGEONS

This column is provided as a service to D & D and EPT players and DM's everywhere. To be listed as a DM, all you have to do is send a card to this column, care of the magazine, with your pertinent data on it. Only one name to a card, no letters will get entered (**it's hard enough keeping this up as it is — Ed.**). Be sure to specify D & D or EPT or both.

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Alec Drysdale, 42 Summerhayes Cres., Brantford, Ontario N3R 5J3
Cecil Nurse, Apt. 903, 60 Pavane Linkway, Don Mills, Ontario M3C 1A2

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James O'Dowd, Sunset Terr., Rochester, MI 48063
Jim Gilbert, 501 Barnes Rd., St. Louis, MO 65201
Allen Hammack, 4220 Antietam Dr., Birmingham, AL 35213
E. Al Hattlestad, Jr., Lot 27 Big Coppitt Tr. Pk., Key West, FL 33040
Donald Harting, 2373 Richland Av., San Jose, CA 95125
Paul W. Hickey, 3957 30th Av., S. Mpls, MN 55406
B. Howell 8016 Mullet St., New Orleans, LA 70126
Walter Huntsucker, 509 Pennant St., Columbia, MO 65201
Ray Lonsdale, 813½ Ashland Av., Niagara Falls, NY 14301
Scott Macaulay, 5981 Searl Terrace, Bethesda, MD 20016
Kevin McFadden, 807 N. Williams St., Columbia, MO 65201
David G. McNeil, 609 N. 8th St., Columbia, MO 65201
Paul Michand, Michigan State Univ., East Lansing, MI 48063
Howard Miller, 4749 Overwood Cir., Birmingham, AL 35222
Peter Quinlan, 4913 Beard Av. S., Mpls, MN 44510
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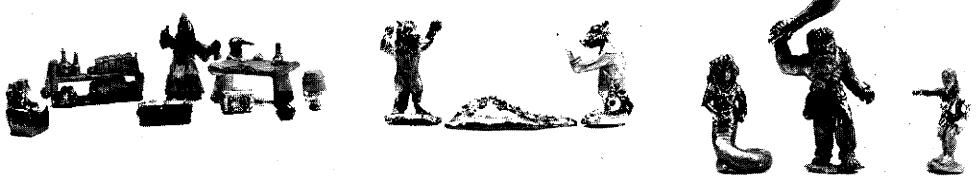
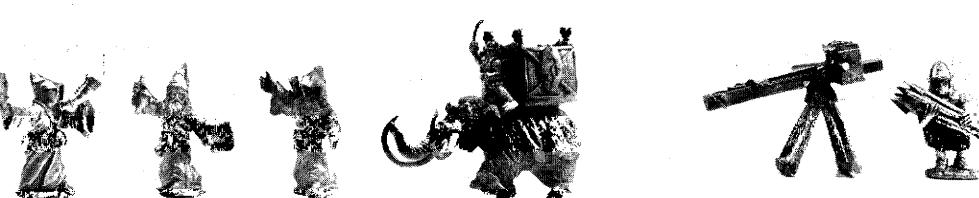
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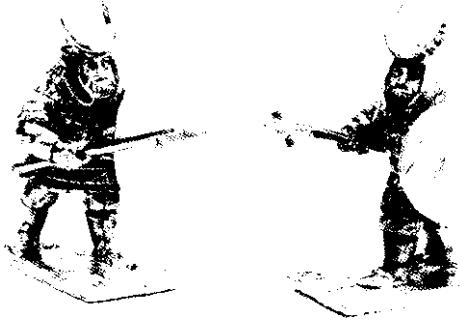
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WARGAMING WORLD



As can be seen on these two hobgoblins, each figure is slightly different from any other; either in bits of uniform, weaponry or pose.



This orc illustrates the casting technique used through this line, where possible.

The biggest news for fantasy fanciers has to be the release, and impending release, of the EPT and D&D feature lines, respectively.

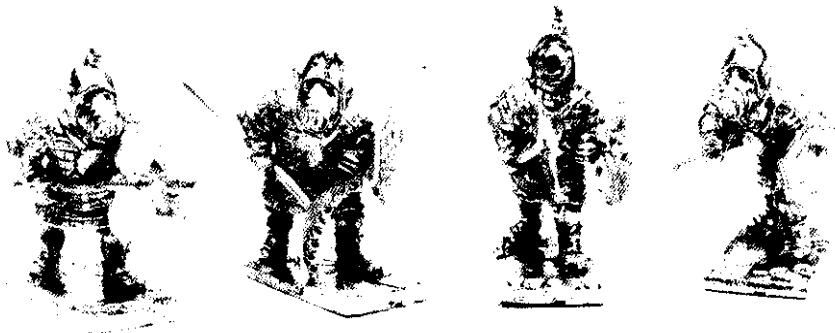
LEGIONS OF THE PETAL THRONE, as the EPT line is titled, is produced by Bill Murray of OLD GUARD. He's done a beautiful job on them, as the samples on the facing page show. There are 17 packs available now, with many more forthcoming before the line is completed. EPT enthusiasts are sure to take interest in them, and when the rules for EPT miniatures are done, more battles such as the one in this issue (The Temple of Chanis) will be possible. TSR has long range plans for painting guides to complement the rules.

The D&D figure line promises to be even bigger than that for EPT. Beautifully sculpted by David Hutchins of England, from drawings by Mimi Roach and Dave Sutherland, the range is a fantasy gamer's dreams come true.

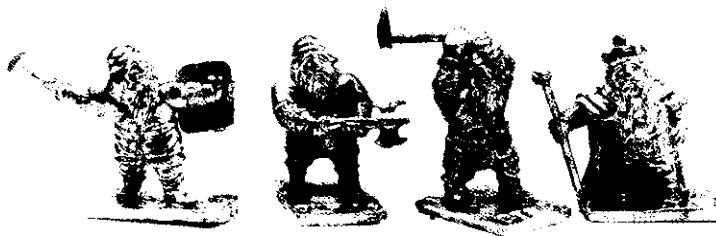
They are just now going into production in this country, and a release date should be forthcoming very soon. (Watch these pages for it.) In the first batch released there will be approximately 90 different figures. They will be packed in sets of 5, with no figures duplicated in any set. (Command sets will be in 4's.)



These kobolds paint up easily and nicely, making it easy and inexpensive to amass a horde.



These are only four of the many orcs that will fill out the D&D line. Weaponry and positioning differences lend themselves well to realistic-looking mobs of orcs.



What dwarf-lover could resist these fierce-looking dwarves. Again, large numbers of different dwarves (there are more to come not shown) make for realistic, complete armies. Khazad-dum was never like this.

We have seen about 50 of the figures so far, and without exception, they are excellent. The trick of casting the shield separate from the body (shown below) lends these figures to conversions quite well, as well as facilitating painting. The high quality of the metal assures the durability of them, while lending itself to bending easily.

Custom Cast has announced that all of the FANTASTIQUE (phasw 1) line will be completed by Christmas. The personality set for the Hobbit (set 1058?) is out, as well as the second set of DUNGEON! playing pieces. All of the CHIVALRY line that was starred in the catalog is now complete; the same on the THERMOPOLYTE range. Truly 'tis the season to be jolly. . .

NH-1
ShenNH-2
SsuY-4
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Mdm. Inf. (Dhau)P-1
Priest of Hr'ryT-6
Tsolyani Mdm. Inf.
(Sokatis)T-3
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Tsolyani GeneralY-1
Yan Koryani Gen.

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Anderson, Poul
Blackwood, Algernon
Brackett, Leigh
Burroughs, E.R.
Carter, Lin
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Farmer, P.J.
Fox, G.F.
Howard, R.E.
Lanier, Sterling
Leiber, Fritz
Lovecraft, H.P.
Merritt, A.

Moorcock, Michael

Saberhagen, Fred
St. Clair, Margaret
Tolkien, J.R.R.

Vance, Jack

Weinbaum, Stanley
Wellman, M. W.
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2. THE EXCELLENT RUBY EYE	4-8	5	20. THE EYE OF NON-SEEING	60-61 2
3. THE EYE OF ADVANCING THROUGH PORTALS	9-11	3	21. THE EYE OF OPENING THE WAY	62-64 3
4. THE EYE OF AERIAL EXCELLENCE	12-14	3	22. THE EYE OF RAISING AN INFERNAL BARRIER	65-67 3
5. THE EYE OF ALLSEEING WONDER	15-18	4	23. THE EYE OF REGENERATION	68-69 2
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The Temple of Vimuhla



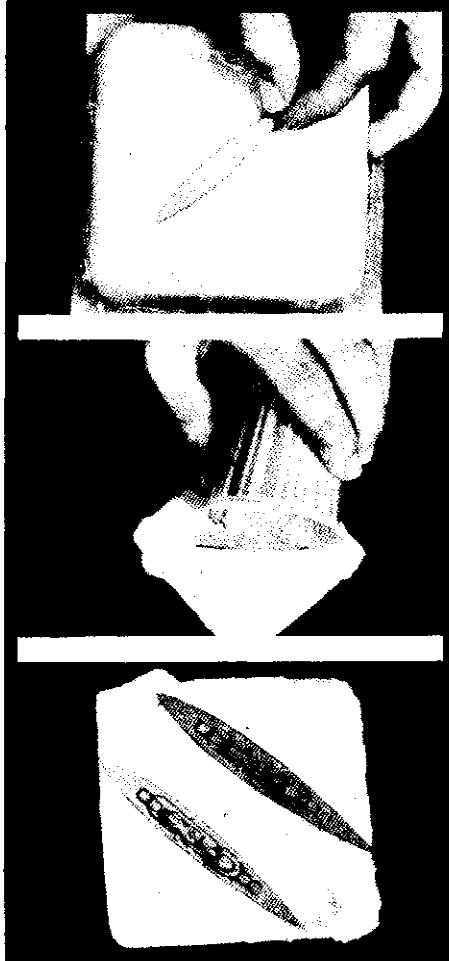
The proud builders - from l. to r.: Gary Rydolph, Jim Bodine, M.A.R. Barker, Craig Smith.

Around the 20th of June, Prof. Barker got together with three of his Twin Cities EPT players, and they decided to build a precise replica of the Temple of Vimuhla, Lord of Fire.

Over 1000 man-hours later, just in time for GenCon IX, it was finished. They brought it down to GenCon, and put it on display at the Legion Hall, where most of the adventures were held. The day that it was set up, the word got round to all the GenCon locales that there was this fantastic temple, complete with doors, secret doors, pitfalls, and all the other good things, and people thronged to see it. As these pictures attest, it was worth the seeing.

Background: this is a replica of the inner core portion of the Temple of Katalal. It was begun by the 13th Seal Emperor in 1223 A.S. It is devoted to Vimuhla, Lord of Fire, one of the Tlokiriqualuyal (Evil Gods). His symbol, a stylised flame, is prominent throughout. The script of the inscriptions on the walls is Classic Tsolyani, now archaic.

THE DRAGON is indebted to Dr. S. Tymeson, of Hawaii, who took these pictures and supplied them to us: we're glad to share them with you.



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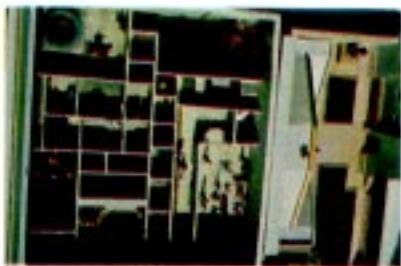
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This overview shows the maze-like layout of the first level.



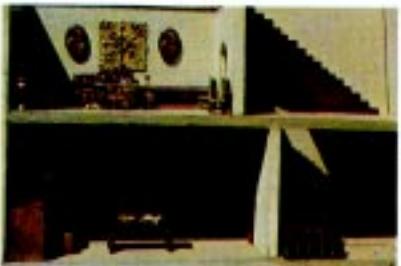
Rear of gate and gate towers, with Portcullis down.



Rich wall decorations abound throughout the temple.



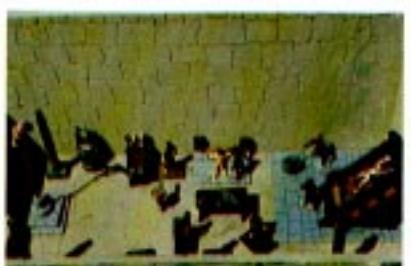
These views of different rooms are the most convincing proof of the meticulous care shown throughout the temple.



Cutaway view gives further proof that no detailing was overlooked.



The workshop of one of the resident magic users.



One of the more sanguine aspects: the Temple dungeon.



The first two are views of the statue of the 13th Seal Emperor — founder of the temple. The remaining two are bas-reliefs decorating two stairwells.

Chivalry

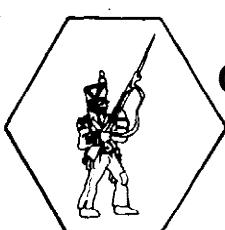


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